

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 950.—16 August, 1862.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. The Slave Power and The Secession War,	<i>National Review</i> , 291
2. Salem Chapel. Part 6,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 299
3. The Prodigal Son. Chaps. 15 and 16,	<i>Once a Week</i> , 316
4. Dr. Williams and The National Crisis,	<i>Christian Advocate and Journal</i> , 328
5. The Old Estates of Virginia,	<i>N. Y. Evening Post</i> , 331
6. Among the Pines,	<i>Norfolk County Journal</i> , 333
7. De Gasparin's New Work,	<i>N. Y. Evening Post</i> , 335
8. The Tariff Question,	<i>Boston Journal</i> , 335

POETRY.—A Summer Day, 290. Ministering Angels, 290. Farewell to Gooseberry Pie, 313. In War-Time, Amy Wentworth, 314. In Memoriam, 315.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Religion in Continental Europe, 298. Physicians in Stays, 327. Organ Interludes, 330. Punch going to the Dogs, 336.

NEW BOOKS.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.—So great has been the confidence of the public in the sound judgment and vigorous patriotism of this journal, that its increase of sale has rendered necessary great changes in its manufacturing department. The proprietors think they now have a better press than can elsewhere be found. The immediate effect of this prosperity is a great outlay. We rejoice in this success : it is a national good. The readers of *The Living Age* have often been entertained and instructed by reviews copied from this Chief of Newspapers. We especially recollect several articles on Count Gasparin's successive volumes. But the clear and able political leaders and selections which fill its columns every day, have been of more service to the government in this war, than some of its armies. There is a weekly edition at two dollars a year, which we heartily commend to our Country Readers who may be unable to pay for the daily.

THE TARIFF QUESTION considered in regard to the *Policy of England and the Interests of the United States*. With Statistical and Comparative Tables. By Erastus B. Bigelow. Boston : Little, Brown & Company.

BRAITHWAITE'S RETROSPECT of Practical Medicine and Surgery. Part the Forty-Fifth. New York : W. A. Townsend.

THE REBELLION RECORD : a Diary of American Events, 1860-62. Edited by Frank Moore. Part 20—with Portraits of Maj.-Gen. David Hunter and Henry A. Wise. New York : G. P. Putnam.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

For Six Dollars a year, in advance, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 13 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

A SUMMER DAY.

At daybreak, in the fresh light, joyfully
The fishermen drew in their laden net;
The shore shone rosy purple, and the sea
Was streaked with violet.

And, pink with sunrise, many a shadowy sail
Lay southward, lighting up the sleeping bay,
And in the west the white moon, still and pale,
Faded before the day.

Silence was everywhere. The rising tide
Slowly filled every cove and inlet small:
A musical low whisper, multiplied,
You heard, and that was all.

No clouds at dawn—but, as the sun climbed
higher,
White columns, thunderous, splendid, up the
sky
Floated and stood, heaped in the sun's clear
fire,

A stately company.

Stealing along the coast, from cape to cape,
The weird mirage crept tremulously on,
In many a magic change and wondrous shape,
Throbbing beneath the sun.

At noon the wind rose—swept the glassy sea
To sudden ripple—arrest against the clouds
A strenuous shoulder—gathering steadily,
Drove them in crowds,

Till all the west was dark, and inkly black
The level water ruffled underneath,
And up the wind-cloud tossed, a ghostly rack,
In many a ragged wreath.

Then sudden roared the thunder, a great peal
Magnificent, that broke and rolled away;
And down the wind plunged, like a furious keel
Cleaving the sea to spay.

And brought the rain, sweeping o'er land and
sea,
And then was tumult! Lightning, sharp
and keen,
Thunder, wind, rain—a mighty jubilee
The heaven and earth between!

And loud the ocean sang—a chorus grand—
A solemn music sung in undertone
Of waves that broke about, on either hand,
The little island lone,

Where, joyful in His tempest as his calm,
Held in the hollow of that hand of his,
I joined with heart and soul in God's great
psalm,
Thrilled with a nameless bliss.

Soon lulled the wind—the summer storm soon
died;
The shattered clouds went eastward, drifting
slow;
From the low sun the rain-fringe swept aside,
Bright in his rosy glow,

And wide a splendor streamed through all the
sky
O'er land and sea one soft, delicious blush,
That touched the gray rocks lightly, tenderly,
A transitory flush.

Warm, odorous gusts came off the distant land,
With spice of pine-woods, breath of hay new-
mown,
O'er miles of waves and sea-scents cool and
bland,

Full in our faces blown.

Slow faded the sweet light, and peacefully
The quiet stars came out, one after one—
The holy twilight deepened silently,
The summer day was done.

Such unalloyed delight its hours had given,
Musing, this thought rose in my grateful mind,
That God, who watches all things, up in heaven,
With patient eyes and kind,

Saw and was pleased, perhaps, one child of His
Dared to be happy like the little birds,
Because he gave his children days like this,
Rejoicing beyond words—

Dared, lifting up to him untroubled eyes
In gratitude that worship is, and prayer,
Sing and be glad with ever new surprise
He made his world so fair!
—Atlantic Monthly.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

ANGELS of light, spread your bright wings and
keep

Near me at morn:
Nor in the starry eve, nor midnight deep,
Leave me forlorn.

From all dark spirits of unholy power
Guard my weak heart.
Circle around me in each perilous hour,
And take my part.

From all foreboding thoughts and dangerous
fears
Keep me secure;
Teach me to hope, and through the bitterest tears
Still to endure.

If lonely in the road so fair and wide
My feet should stray,
Then through a rougher, safer pathway guide
Me day by day.

Should my heart faint at its unequal strife,
Oh, still be near—
Shadow the perilous sweetness of this life
With holy fear.

Then leave me not alone in this bleak world,
Where'er I roam;
And at the end, with your bright wings unfurled,
Oh, take me home!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

From The National Review for July.

THE SLAVE POWER AND THE SECESSION WAR.

The Slave Power; its Character, Career, and probable Designs: being an Attempt to explain the real Issues involved in the American Contest. By J. E. Cairnes, M.A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1862.

THE most striking and weighty phenomenon in the history of the United States of North America during the nineteenth century is the rise and growth of the Slave Power. The sympathy expressed so loudly in England on behalf of the Southern Confederacy has its origin in loose and inaccurate notions of what the Southern Confederacy has been, of what it is, and of what it would be, were it permitted to develop itself unmolested in obedience to its instincts and unavoidable tendencies. The bare fact that it is a *slave power*,—that is, a power with slavery for its “corner-stone,”—and the other fact, that this slavery is of a kind entirely new in the history of the world, ought to have made the public writers and public speakers of England turn with dismay from the mere thought of lending their support to such a power, and pouring out their sympathies on its behalf. It is difficult to account for this strange perversion of wholesome British opinion. It is difficult to understand how, with the history of the past accessible, the facts of the present patent to all eyes, the prospects of the future unclouded and unveiled, any one could be content with the shallow explanation that the present contest is for empire on one side, and for independence on the other. No doubt some have been led away by a blind hatred of democracy; others have been irritated by the reckless violence of Northern newspaper-writers, and the mad speeches of hack-politicians; others, again, have desired success to the South because they think it better for the world that there should be more nations than one within the enormous territory, stretching from ocean to ocean, owned by the United States; and there are not wanting those who have Southern sympathies because they have accepted Southern hospitality. It would be useless to deny the force of these influences; they are around us in

full operation, and their fruits are visible every day. But it is strange that such influences should have been adequate to blind thoughtful men to the true character of the contest and the immense issues it involves. It is strange that our public teachers should contemplate with something more than indifference, in many cases with absolute approval, the rise in the heart of America of an overshadowing Slave Power, and should visit on the heads of those who are attempting to break and bind that power their unmitigated censure, and comment on the progress of the attempt with continuous and envenomed hostility. The fact is the more remarkable because we have rid ourselves of slavery; although it was not with us, as it is and has been with the United States, the canker at the core of their political and social institutions. We can only account for the fact by the supposition that our Southern sympathisers have been blinded by the superficial influences we have mentioned to the teaching of history. And were it not that opinion, in a country where publicity prevails, rectifies itself rapidly and effectually, we should look with considerable apprehension for the future of England upon the recent manifestations of English opinion on the side of a Slave Power.

Professor Cairnes has done good service, not to the Federal Government, but to truth, by the publication of the volume the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. His book will be found to be, not a speculative commentary, but a logical demonstration. The facts on which he bases his arguments and conclusions are probably familiar to the bulk of our readers; for we have repeatedly indicated the character of the Southern Confederacy; but in no other work exists so methodical and forcible a delineation of its origin and growth, and especially of its essential attributes and designs. The strong convictions of an ardent thinker are expressed in the measured and temperate language of a philosophical historian. The reasonings and conclusions rest upon the solid ground of unquestionable historical, physical, and economic facts. The volume, in short, is a compact and truthful analysis of the structure, functions, and necessary tendencies of the power which is now seeking by force of arms to establish its baleful dominion over half a continent.

"Whatever," says Professor Cairnes, "we may think of the tendencies of democratic institutions, or of the influence of territorial magnitude on the American character, no theory framed upon these or upon any other incidents of the contending parties, however ingeniously constructed, will suffice to conceal the fact, that it is slavery which is at the bottom of this quarrel, and that on its determination it depends whether the power which derives its strength from slavery shall be set up with enlarged resources and increased prestige, or be now, once for all, effectually broken." Such is the deliberate conclusion of a thinker who has surveyed the wide field before him in all its parts, with an eye on the past as well as the present, and with an eye to the future as well as the past; and in his conclusion we cordially agree. But we do not agree with him in his opinion, that even in "some degree" it has been a "gratuitous task" at this moment to demonstrate the soundness of this conclusion, and to show that neither in the true interest of the millions inhabiting the South, nor in the true interests of the millions inhabiting the North, neither in the interest of Europe nor of the world at large, especially the African continent, is it desirable that the Southern Confederacy should gain its ends. It is still needful to show that the present outbreak is not an isolated phenomenon, but the "crowning result, the inevitable climax of the past history of American politics," foreseen, dreaded, staved off by her statesmen in a score of vain concessions to the Slave Power. The events have occurred in logical sequence, and the fatal principle, allowed to retain its vitality by the victors in the War of Independence, has acquired a magnitude which involved the War of Secession.

For the origin of the Slave Power is coeval with the Declaration of Independence. The Southern slave-owners then prevented Jefferson from abolishing the institution of slavery. At a later period, although there was a majority of more than three to one against them, they prevented him from restricting its area to the confines of the original States, and thus they were enabled to lay the foundations of Kentucky and Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi. Still later, when he had induced Congress to prohibit slavery west of the Ohio, year after year they

tried to procure a suspension of the Ordinance; and although they failed in every endeavor, the attempts showed the true aggressive tendency of the institution, and marked a transition from the period when slavery was regarded as an evil to a period when it began to be tolerated, because it began to be profitable. The compensation for the territory lost to slavery by the prohibition to its migration across the Ohio was found in the territory purchased by Jefferson himself from Napoleon I. Here was ample room and verge enough for the peculiar institution. The Slave Power, now rising in magnitude, did not fail to seize the opportunity, and ere a score of years had elapsed the slave-owners settled in Missouri demanded admission as a State. They were met by an attempt to provide for the gradual extinction of slavery within their limits; and the rejoinder was that this proposal would sow the seeds of discord and endanger the Union. Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, fully comprehending the vital interests at stake, asked whether the House thought the Southern States would submit to a measure which would deprive them of the enjoyment of the vast region beyond the Mississippi. "The people of the slave-holding States, as they are called," he said, "know their rights, and will insist on the enjoyment of them." "You," he added, addressing the North, "are kindling a fire which all the waters of the ocean will not extinguish; it can be extinguished only in blood." These are remarkable words. They indicate the completion of the transition period. Slavery was no longer an evil to be tolerated, restricted, endured, but an instrument of dominion, an engine of political power to be fought for. The Georgian Cobb of 1818 was the legitimate forerunner of the Georgian Cobb of 1861. The words of that epoch have become deeds in this, and the fire kindled by the slavery-extensionists of that day is being quenched in blood by their aroused antagonists of this. Referring to the Missouri Compromise of 1820, Professor Cairnes asks, "What has been the career of the Slave Power since that time?" and answers:

"It is to be traced through every questionable transaction of foreign and domestic politics in which the United States has taken a part—through the Seminole war, through the annexation of Texas, through

the Mexican war, through filibustering expeditions under Walker, through attempts upon Cuba, through the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, through Mr. Clay's Compromises, through the repudiation of the Missouri Compromise so soon as the full result of that bargain had been reaped, through the passing of the Nebraska Bill and the legislative establishment of the principle of 'Squatter Sovereignty,' through the invasion of Kansas, through the repudiation of 'Squatter Sovereignty' when that principle had been found unequal to its purposes, and lastly, through the Dred Scott decision and the demand for the protection of slavery in the Territories,—pretensions which, if admitted, would have converted the whole Union, the Free States no less than the Territories, into one great domain for slavery. This has been the point at which the Slave Power, after a series of successful aggressions, carried on during forty years, has at length arrived. It was on this last demand that the Democrats of the North broke off from their Southern allies; a defection which gave their victory to the Republicans and directly produced the civil war. And now we are asked to believe that slavery has no vital connection with this quarrel, but that the catastrophe is due to quite other causes—to incompatibility of commercial interests, to uncongeniality of social tastes, to a desire for independence, to anything but slavery."

We hold it to be incontestable that the Cotton States seceded, and dragged with them the Border States, because the aims of the Slave Power were inconsistent with its remaining in the Union as soon as the government adopted the principle of simply restricting the area of slavery. Mr. Jefferson Davis expressed one part of those aims when he said in 1850, that he would "never take less than the Missouri compromise line extended to the Pacific, with the specific recognition of the right to hold slaves in the territory below that line;" Mr. Toombs expressed another, when he declared that he would one day "call the roll of his slaves at the foot of the monument on Bunker's Hill." Mr. Yancey, Mr. De Bow, Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Slidell, put forward a most material part of those aims when they one and all advocated the re-opening of the African slave trade; and Mr. Jefferson Davis not the less so, when he pointed out that it would be politic to reserve the question, but that it was simply one of expediency. Mr. Calhoun declared in 1844 that if the independence of Texas were not recognized, the

abolition of slavery would be "inevitable." Ever since 1820 the idea of making everything subservient to the purpose of maintaining and "propagating" African slavery has gradually assumed a hold upon the Southern mind, until, as we have seen, it has arrived at the dangerous state and become "fixed"—the corner-stone in the Black Confederacy.

We often hear it said that the war is "needless, useless, hopeless." The North is blamed vehemently for not having consented to a peaceful separation. Ridicule, sarcasm, invective, have been showered upon the Federals because they rose unanimously to oppose the designs of the Slave Power. Except where the hostile critics and declaimers were Southerners, or Englishmen impregnated strongly with Southern opinions, we are convinced these views are expressed because the critics have only considered imperfectly what it is they desire should triumph. The candid among them cannot fail to be impressed by the analysis of the Power whose triumph they desire, which Professor Cairnes has placed before them.

What is the Slave Power? It is a perfectly unique product in the history of the world. The slavery which is its essence differs radically from every slave system ever before established. The fundamental characteristics of this system determine the nature and dictate the policy of the Confederacy. The economic law which necessarily limits slave culture to soils of more than average richness, combined with a tendency to exhaust them, forces the slave owners to seek new soils, and the necessity of seeking new soils compels them to extend their territory. The working of this law in the Southern States has covered the land with the debris of extinct plantations, over which the forest and wilderness have spread themselves afresh, and in which the wild beast and the mean white find their home. The irresistible impulse to possess new lands leads to an aggressive policy towards all adjacent territories; and this necessity, combined with the imperious habits formed in working out the slave system, begets an inordinate ambition for power not only to defend what has been acquired, but to enable the slave proprietors to extend their dominion. It may be said that the passion for territorial aggrandizement which animated the slave

owners, when they were dominant in the councils of the United States, had its origin in their desire to keep pace with the free communities, and maintain in the Senate a majority of their own men. This is perfectly true. But why did they find it necessary to obtain vote for vote in the Senate? Their peculiar institutions were not threatened; the privileges of their States were not invaded. The reason is to be found in the working of the economic law governing slave culture; and if they were successful to-morrow in the achievement of their aims, that law would still force them to follow out the practice of annexation which they invented, and compel them to augment and consolidate their political power, in order to make fast their territorial conquests. The success of the Confederates—we do not mean in establishing the independence of the Cotton States, that seems to be inevitable, but in accomplishing the objects of the leaders of Secession—would be, in fact, the founding of a huge Slave Empire in the heart of the North American continent, based on a substantially limitless area of territory, and the revival of the African slave trade. We should have the dream of the filibuster Walker realized; and a vast Military Confederacy, stretching from the Potomac to the Isthmus of Darien, and from the Antilles to the Pacific, would amaze the world. Is it this which our Southern sympathisers desire? We unhesitatingly declare no; it is impossible cultivated Englishmen could desire to behold such a monstrosity. Yet this is really what lies involved in the success of the Southern Confederacy.

But it may be asked—nay, it is asked often enough—why should we care whether such a power is founded in the world or not? Every nation has a right to manage its own affairs as it pleases; and if the Southern States please to manage theirs on the basis of negro slavery, how can that concern us? They will produce cotton and rice, and sugar and tobacco, and take our manufactures in exchange. We shall grow rich out of their wealth, and they will benefit by ours. They will form a counterpoise to the Northern States, and our relations with the American continent will run all the more smoothly. This is the plausible reasoning which influences some really well-meaning men. Never was anything more short-sighted. An all-

sufficing answer is to be found in the simple statement of the predominating characteristics of the power whose nature we are to regard with indifference. To begin: slavery in the South, says Professor Cairnes, is something more than a moral and political principle; it has become a fashionable taste, a social passion.

“The possession of a slave in the South carries with it the same sort of prestige as the possession of land in this country, as the possession of a horse among the Arabs; it brings the owner into connection with the privileged class, it forms a presumption that he has attained a sort of social position. Slaves have thus in the South acquired a fictitious value, and are coveted with an eagerness far beyond what the intrinsic utility of their services would explain. A chancellor of South Carolina describes slavery as in accordance with ‘the proudest and most deeply cherished feelings’ of his countrymen, —‘feelings which others, if they will, may call prejudices.’ A governor of Kansas [in the Border-Ruffian period] declares that he ‘loves’ the institution, and that he votes for it because he ‘loves’ it. Nor are these sentiments confined to the slave-holding minority. The all-important circumstance is, that they are shared equally by the whole white population. Far from reprobating a system which has deprived them of the natural means of rising in the scale of humanity, they fall in with the prevailing modes of thought, and are warm admirers, and, when need arises, effective defenders of an institution which has been their curse. To be the owner of a slave is the chief object of the poor white’s ambition; *quot servos pascat*? the one criterion by which he weighs the worth of his envied superiors in the social scale. . . .

“The progress of events, far from conducing to the gradual mitigation and ultimate extinction of the system, has tended distinctly in the opposite direction—to the aggravation of its worst evils and the consolidation of its strength. The extension of the area subject to the Slave Power, and the increase in the slave population, have augmented at once the inducements for retaining the institution and the difficulty of getting rid of it; while the ideas of successive generations, bred up in its presence, and under the influence of the interests to which it has given birth, have provided for it in the minds of the people a moral support. The result is, that the position of the slave in the Southern States at the present time, so far as it depends on the will and power of his masters, is in all respects more hope-

less than it has ever been in any former age, or in any other quarter of the world. A fugitive slave law, which throws into the shade the former atrocities of slavery, has been enacted, and, until recent disturbances, was strictly enforced. The education of the negro is more than ever rigorously proscribed. Emancipation finds in the growth of fanatical pro-slavery opinions obstacles more formidable even than in the laws. Propositions have been entertained by the legislatures in some States for reducing all free colored persons to slavery by one wholesale enactment; in others, these people have been banished from the State under pain of this fate. Everything in the laws, in the customs, in the education of the people has been contrived with the single view of degrading the negro to the level of the brute, and blotting out from his mind the hope and even the idea of freedom. The thoroughness, the absolute disregard of all consequences, with which this purpose has been pursued, is but little understood in this country. History can supply no instance of a despotism more complete and searching than that which for some years past has prevailed in the Southern States." (pp. 144-6.)

And what has it done for the bulk of the population, the "Mean Whites," as they are called by their imperious rulers?

"Agriculture, when carried on by slaves," says our author, "being by a sure law restricted to the most fertile portions of the land, and no other form of systematic industry being possible where slavery is established, it happens that there are in all slave countries vast districts becoming, under the deteriorating effects of slave industry, constantly larger, which are wholly surrendered to nature, and remain forever as wildernesses. This is a characteristic feature in the political economy of the Slave States of the South, and is attended with social consequences of the most important kind. For the tracts thus left, or made desolate, become in time the resort of a numerous horde of people, who, too poor to keep slaves, and too proud to work, prefer a vagrant and precarious life spent in the desert to engaging in occupations which would associate them with the slaves whom they despise. In the Southern States no less than five millions of human beings are now said to exist in this manner, in a condition little removed from savage life, eking out a wretched subsistence by hunting, fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, by plunder. Combining the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage with the vices of the *prolétaire* of civilized communities, these people make

up a class at once degraded and dangerous, and, constantly reinforced as they are by all that is idle, worthless, and lawless, among the population of the neighboring States, form an inexhaustible reserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition. The planters complain of these people for their idleness, for corrupting their slaves, for their thievish propensities; but they cannot dispense with them; for in truth they perform an indispensable function in the economy of slave societies, of which they are at once the victims and the principal supports. It is from their ranks that those filibustering expeditions are recruited which have been found so effective an instrument in extending the domain of the Slave Power; they furnish the Border Ruffians who in the colonization struggle with the Northern States contend with Free Soilers on the territories; and it is to their antipathy to the negroes that the planters securely trust for repressing every attempt at servile insurrection. Such are the 'mean whites,' or 'white trash,' of the Southern States. They comprise several local subdivisions: the 'crackers,' the 'sandhillers,' the 'clay eaters,' and many more. The class is not peculiar to any one locality, but is the invariable outgrowth of negro slavery wherever it has raised its head in modern times. It may be seen in the new State of Texas as well as the old settled districts of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; in the West India Islands no less than on the continent. In the States of the Confederacy it comprises, as I have said, five millions of human beings—about seven-tenths of the whole white population." (pp. 74-6.)

These creatures of slavery form the bulk of the Southern armies, which are by no means composed of "gentlemen." Slavery having done this for the mass of the white population, what has it done for the *élite*, for the slave-proprietors and complete gentlemen of the Southern States? Jefferson and De Tocqueville, as well as the latest authorities, all point to a lust for power as no less a social than a political habit. Again we quote Professor Cairnes.

"And what scope do the institutions of the South provide for the satisfaction, on a large theatre, of the passion which they generate? In free societies the paths to eminence are various. Successful trade, the professions, science and literature, social reform, philanthropy,—furnish employment for the redundant activity of the people, and open so many avenues to distinction. But for slaveholders these means of advancement

do not exist. . . . Practically, but one career lies open to the Southerner desirous of advancement—agriculture carried on by slaves. To this, therefore, he turns. In the management of his plantation, in the breeding, buying, and selling of slaves, his life is passed. Amid the moral atmosphere which this life engenders, his ideas and tastes are formed. He has no notion of ease, independence, happiness, where slavery is not found. Is it strange, then, that his ambition should connect itself with the institution around which are entwined his domestic associations, which is identified with all his plans of life, and which offers him the sole chance of emerging from obscurity?

"But the aspirations of the slaveholder are not confined within the limits of his own community. He is also a citizen of the United States. In the former he naturally and easily takes the leading place; but, as a member of the larger society in which he is called upon to act in combination with men who have been brought up under free institutions the position which he is destined to fill is not so clearly indicated. It is plain, however, that he cannot become blended with the general mass of the population of the Union. His character, habits, aims, are not those of the Northern people, nor are theirs his. The Northerner is a merchant, a manufacturer, a literary man, an artisan, a shopkeeper, a peasant-farmer; he is engaged in commercial speculation, or in promoting social or political reform; perhaps he is a philanthropist, and includes slavery abolition in his programme. Between such men and the slaveholder of the South there is no common bases for political action. There are no objects in promoting which he can combine with them in good faith upon public grounds. There lies before him, therefore, but one alternative: he must stand by his fellows, and become powerful as the assertor and propagandist of slavery; or, failing this, he must submit to be of no account in the politics of the Union. Here, then, again the slaveholder is thrown back upon his peculiar system as the sole means of satisfying the master-passion of his life. In the society of the Union, no less than in that of the State, he finds that his single path to power lies through the maintenance and extension of this institution. Accordingly, to uphold it, to strengthen it, to provide for its future growth and indefinite expansion, becomes the dream of his life—the one great object of his existence. But this is not all: this same institution, which is the beginning and end of the slaveholder's being, places between him and the citizens of free societies a broad and impassable gulf. The system which is the foundation of his

present existence and future hopes is by them denounced as sinful and inhuman; and he is himself held up to the reprobation of mankind. The tongues and hands of all freemen are instinctively raised against him. A consciousness is thus awakened in the minds of the community of slaveholders that they are a proscribed class, that their position is one of antagonism to the whole civilized world; and the feeling binds them together in the fastest concord. Their pride is aroused, and all the energy of their nature is exerted to make good their position against those who would assail it. In this manner the instinct of self-defence and the sentiment of pride come in aid of the passion of ambition, and all tend to fix in the minds of slaveholders the resolution to maintain at all hazards the keystone of their social order. To establish their scheme of society on such broad and firm foundations that they may set at defiance the public opinion of free nations, and, in the last resort, resist the combined efforts of their physical power, becomes at length the settled purpose and clearly conceived design of the whole body. To this they devote themselves with the zeal of fanatics, with the persistency and secrecy of conspirators." (pp. 157-61.)

Farther, after describing the peculiar position of the Southern States in the Federal Union, leading to a desire for a multiplication of slave States to secure slave votes in the Senate, Professor Cairnes very justly remarks that we should be careful not to overrate the influence exercised on the Slave Power by its position in the Federal Union.

"It would, I conceive, be an entire mistake to suppose that this desire for extended territory, which, under actual circumstances, has shown itself in the creation of slave States with a view to influence in the Senate, is in any such sense the fruit of the position of the South in the Federal Union as that we should be justified in concluding that, in the event of the severance of the Union, the South would cease to desire an extension of its territory on political grounds. Such a view would, in my opinion, imply an entire misconception of the real nature of the forces which have been at work. The lust of dominion, which is the ruling passion of the Slave Power, is not accidental but inherent—has its source, not in the constitution of the Senate, but in the fundamental institution of the Slave States; and the lust of dominion, existing in an embodied form in a new continent, cannot but find its issue in territorial aggrandizement. This by no

means depends upon speculative inference. It admits of proof, as a matter of fact, that the projects of the South for extending its domain have never been more daring, and have never been pushed with greater energy, than during the last five years—the very period in which the Southern leaders have been maturing their plans for seceding from the Union. . . . Extended dominion is in truth the very purpose for which the South has engaged in the present struggle; and the thought which now sustains it through its fiery ordeal is (to borrow the words of the ablest advocate of the Southern cause) the prospect of ‘an empire in the future, . . . extending from the home of Washington to the ancient palaces of Montezuma—uniting the proud old colonies of England with Spain’s richest and most romantic dominions—combining the productions of the great valley of the Mississippi with the mineral riches, the magical beauty the volcanic grandeur of Mexico.’* In plain terms, the stake for which the South now plays is Mexico and the intervening Territories.” (pp. 172–4).

If this were practicable, if the North had acquiesced tamely in “peaceful” separation, if it had yielded disgracefully to this grand outburst of Southern ambition, one thing more would have been needed. To support the dark edifice, to render colonization easy, to increase the number of slaveholders, to stimulate to the highest pitch the productive energies of the slave empire,—the revival of the African Slave Trade would have become a vital question for the South.

“Whether,” says Professor Cairnes, “the measure would really prove effectual for the designed, is a question which I do not think we have sufficient data to resolve; but that such would be the case is the undoubted opinion of the Southern leaders. ‘We can divide Texas into five Slave States,’ says the Vice-President of the Southern Confederation, ‘and get Chihuahua and Sonora, if we have the slave population; but unless the number of the African stock be increased, we have not the population, and might as well abandon the race with our brethren of the North in the colonization of the Territories. Slave States cannot be made without Africans.’ ‘Take off,’ says Mr. Gaulden of Georgia, ‘the ruthless restrictions which cut off the supply of slaves from foreign lands, . . . take off the restrictions from the African slave trade, and we should then want no protection, and I would be willing

* Spence’s American Union, p. 286.

to let you have as much squatter sovereignty as you wish. Give us an equal chance, and I tell you the institution of slavery will take care of itself.’ From all this [other considerations which need not be cited here] it seems to follow—assuming a separation on the terms of an open field for free and slave colonization over the still unsettled districts—that the only chance of permanently establishing the Southern Republic on that ‘corner-stone’ which its builders have chosen, would lie in re-opening the African Slave Trade, and rapidly increasing the supply of slaves; and that the Southern leaders would in the contingency supposed at once adopt this expedient, I cannot for a moment doubt.” (pp. 237, 8.)

We have quoted these evidences from the pages of Professor Cairnes, not because similar evidence could not have been obtained in abundance elsewhere, but because he is the latest witness, and because the character and tendencies of the Slave Power are nowhere demonstrated with more force and truth. It is this power which, executing a long-conceived, and carefully elaborated design, has brought upon the Northern continent a dreadful and desolating but inevitable war, and has forced the Free States to show what of pith and manhood they have among them. And they have shown it in a manner which has startled Europe as well as their opponents. Let us turn from the character of the Slave Power to the War which it has caused, and endeavor to place in its true light the history of the much misconceived and misrepresented Northern campaign.

Perhaps the most noteworthy fact disclosed by this secession war is the sudden creation of an enormous military and naval force by a State hitherto without fleets and armies. There is nothing in history to which it can be compared, except the vast levies of the French Convention; but the Convention did not begin *de novo* as the Americans have begun. France in 1792 had splendid military traditions. Her population was not only warlike, it had been trained to bear arms and act in concert. The armies of the monarchy furnished a basis for the military establishments of the Convention, and the first successful captain was Dumouriez, an old and practised soldier. The United States never possessed an army in the European sense. The gov

ernment had in its hands a small force of regulars scattered over half a continent, but even these were of no avail, for many thousands were lost at the first outbreak of hostilities. There were but meagre establishments in the United States, and one half of these fell into the hands of the seceders. There were few military institutions and no military traditions, except those supplied by the shadowy exploits of the War of Independence, and the cheap victories of the Mexican foray. There was a militia force of overwhelming strength—upon paper; but besides being really inadequate in numbers, it was positively ineffective as a military machine, a huge body without articulation, wanting absolutely in the mere rudiments of organization. Yet in this force the people had faith, and Americans who knew nothing of war believed that the "three months' men" would in three months suppress what was called an insurrection. That faith in mere numbers of half-trained, wholly unorganized battalions, whose sole military virtue was their public spirit, has been destroyed utterly, and confidence in such a defensive machinery can never be felt again. The rout of the Federal army at Bull Run—a rout due less to Southern prowess, or even Southern generalship, than to defective tactics, and the want of confidence in their officers and in each other, on the Federal side—made it plain that not only for victory, but for safety, the Federal government must have a Regular army. Another error prevailed a year ago—that cavalry could be dispensed with. It is one of the mistakes of the present time—not confined to America—that the age of cavalry has passed. A more mischievous opinion could not be entertained; that also was destined to be shaken and refuted, and the formation of cavalry regiments was one of the consequences of the battle of Bull Run. When General McClellan was called to Washing-

ton, he, as a regular soldier, saw that before all things the state must have an army. The men were raised by the States; the *matériel* was provided; twelve months have not elapsed since the work was commenced, and now 600,000 soldiers are in the field, disciplined, trained, organized—imperfectly when compared with the armies of the European powers, but hardly less imperfectly than the army of England ten years ago. This vast force has been created literally from the ground. It has small arms equal to our own; it has abundant artillery nearly as effective; it is well clothed; and it has been paid and fed as no army ever was paid and fed before. The comparative excellence of its discipline, as we shall show later, has been put to very severe trials, and has come out of them handsomely. It has weak points: the cavalry are very inferior; the staff arrangements are miserably defective; the quartermaster-general's department is weak and inefficient; the articulations of the whole machine are clumsy and imperfect. But, with all its defects, it is probably such an army as no state in the same time, and under circumstances so unusual, ever put in the field before; and if General McClellan had done nothing else, his share in the creation of this force ought to insure to him the gratitude of his country. The development of the marine, though nothing to what we could accomplish in the same time, has given sufficient proof of the invention, resources, and energy of the American people. These facts, worthy to be remembered, must command the attention of all political thinkers, and give rise to serious reflections in the minds of statesmen. Let the war end as it may, Republican America is henceforth a first-rate Naval and Military Power.*

* The Reviewer sketches at considerable length, the history of the Campaign of 1862. But we have not room for that part of the article.

RELIGION IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE.—The principle of religious liberty is fully acknowledged in all Italy, except Rome. For the first time for more than two hundred years, Protestant missionaries have made their appearance in every part of the peninsula, and established congregations in Naples, Palermo, Florence, Modena, Bologna and Milan, and a number of other towns.

On the other hand, some of the Protestant

States of Germany have seen, for the first time since the Reformation, the appearance of the Jesuits among them. Before the revolution of 1848, which proclaimed the principle of full religious liberty, it would not have been thought possible that Jesuits would receive permission to preach in cities like Berlin, Hamburg, etc. Now they are holding meetings for one, two, or more weeks in succession in the most of the large Protestant cities without interference.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PART VI.—CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the very height of day when the travellers arrived in Carlingford. It would be vain to attempt to describe their transit through London in the bustling sunshine of the winter morning after the vigil of that night, and in the frightful suspense and excitement of their minds. Vincent remembered, for years after, certain cheerful street-corners, round which they turned on their way from one station to another, with shudders of recollection, and an intense consciousness of all the life circulating about them, even to the attitudes of the boys that swept the crossings, and their contrast with each other. His mother made dismal attempts now and then to say something; that he was looking pale; that after all he could yet preach, and begin his course on the miracles; that it would be such a comfort to rest when they got home; but at last became inaudible, though he knew by her bending across to him, and the motion of those parched lips with which she still tried to smile, that the widow still continued to make those pathetic little speeches without knowing that she had become speechless in the rising tide of her agony. But at last they reached Carlingford, where everything was at its brightest, all the occupations of life afloat in the streets, and sunshine, lavish though ineffectual, brightening the whole aspect of the town. When they emerged from the railway, Mrs. Vincent took her son's arm, and for the last time made some remark with a ghastly smile—but no sound came from her lips. They walked up the sunshiny street together with such silent speed as would have been frightful to look at had anybody known what was in their hearts. Mrs. Pigeon, who was coming along the other side, crossed over on purpose to accost the minister and be introduced to his mother, but was driven frantic by the total blank unconsciousness with which the two swept past her; "taking no more notice than if he had never set eyes on me in his born days!" as she described it afterwards. The door of the house where Vincent lived was opened to them briskly by the little maid in holiday attire; everything wore the most sickening, oppressive brightness within in fresh Saturday cleanliness. Vincent half carried his mother up the steps, and held fast in his own to support her the hand

which he had drawn tightly through his arm. "Is there any one here? Has anybody come for me since I left?" he asked, with the sound of his own words ringing shrilly into his ears. "Please, sir, Mr. Tozer's been," said the girl alertly, with smiling confidence. She could not comprehend the groan with which the young man startled all the clear and sunshiny atmosphere, nor the sudden rustle of the little figure beside him, which moved somehow, swaying with the words as if they were a wind. "Mother, you are going to faint!" cried Vincent—and the little maid flew in terror to call her mistress, and bring a glass of water. But when she came back, the mother and son were no longer in the bright hall with its newly cleaned wainscot and whitened floor. When she followed them up-stairs with the water, it was the minister who had dropped into the easy-chair with his face hidden on the table, and his mother was standing beside him. Mrs. Vincent looked up when the girl came in, and said, "Thank you—that will do," looking in her face, and not at what she carried. She was of a dreadful paleness, and looked with eyes that were terrible to that wondering observer upon the little attendant. "Perhaps there have been some letters or messages," said Mrs. Vincent. "We—we expected somebody to come; think!—a young lady came here?—and when she found we were gone—"

"Only Miss Phæbe!" said the girl in amazement—"to say as her Ma—"

"Only Miss Phæbe!" repeated the widow, as if she did not comprehend the words. Then she turned to her son, and smoothed down the ruffled locks on his head; then held out her hand again to arrest the girl as she was going away. "Has your mistress got anything in the house," she asked—"any soup or cold meat, or anything? Would you bring it up, please, directly?—soup would perhaps be best—or a nice chop. Ask what she has got, and bring it up on a tray. You need not lay the cloth—only a tray with a napkin. Yes, I see you know what I mean."

"Mother!" cried Vincent, raising his head in utter fright as the maid left the room. He thought in the shock his mother's gentle wits had gone.

"You have eaten nothing, dear, since we left," she said, with a heartbreaking smile.

"I am not going crazy, Arthur. Oh, no, no, my dear boy! I will not go crazy; but you must eat something, and not be killed too. Susan is not here," said Mrs. Vincent, with a ghastly, wistful look round the room; "but we are not going to distrust her at the very first moment, far less her Maker, Arthur. Oh, my dear, I must not speak, or something will happen to me; and nothing must happen to you or me till we have found your sister. You must eat when it comes, and then you must go away. Perhaps," said Mrs. Vincent, sitting down and looking her son direct in the eyes, as if to read any suggestion that could arise there, "she has lost her way:—perhaps she missed one of these dreadful trains—perhaps she got on the wrong railway, Arthur. Oh, my dear boy, you must take something to eat, and then you must go and bring Susan home. She has nobody to take care of her but you."

Vincent returned his mother's look with a wild inquiring gaze, but with his lips he said "Yes," not daring to put in words the terrible thoughts in his heart. The two said nothing to each other of the horror that possessed them both, or of the dreadful haze of uncertainty in which that Susan whom her brother was to go and bring home as if from an innocent visit, was now enveloped. Their eyes spoke differently as they looked into each other, and silently withdrew again, each from each, not daring to communicate further. Just then a slight noise came below, to the door. Mrs. Vincent stood up directly in an agony of listening, trembling all over. To be sure it was nothing. When nothing came of it, the poor mother sank back again with a piteous patience, which it was heart-breaking to look at; and Vincent returned from the window which he had thrown open in time to see Phæbe Tozer disappear from the door. They avoided each other's eyes now; one or two heavy sobs broke forth from Mrs. Vincent's breast, and her son walked with a dreadful funereal step from one end of the room to the other. Not even the consolation of consulting together what was to be done, or what might have happened, was left them. They dared not put their position into words—dared not so much as inquire in their thoughts where Susan was, or what had befallen her. She was to be brought home; but whence or from what abyss neither ventured to say.

Upon their misery the little maid entered again with her tray, and the hastily prepared refreshment which Mrs. Vincent had ordered for her son. The girl's eyes were round and staring with wonder and curiosity; but she was aware, with female instinct, that the minister's mother, awful little figure, with lynx eyes which nothing escaped, was watching her, and her observations were nervous accordingly. "Please, sir, it's a chop," said the girl—"please, sir, missus sent to know was the other gentleman a-coming?—and please, if he is, there aint nowhere as missus knows of, as he can sleep—with the lady, and you, and all; and the other lodgers as well"—said the handmaiden with a sigh, as she set down her tray and made a desperate endeavor to turn her back upon Mrs. Vincent, and to read some interpretation of all this in the unguarded countenance of the minister; "and please, am I to bring up the Wooster sauce, and would the lady like some tea or anythink? And missus would be particklar obliged if you would say. Miss Phæbe's been to ask the gentlemen to tea, but where he's to sleep, missus says—"

"Yes, yes, to be sure," said Vincent, impatiently; "he can have my room, tell your mistress—that will do—we don't want anything more."

"Mr. Vincent is going to leave town again this afternoon," said his mother. "Tell your mistress that I shall be glad to have a little conversation with her after my son goes away—and you had better bring the sauce—but it would have saved you trouble and been more sensible, if you had put it on the tray in the first place. O Arthur," cried his mother again when she had seen the little maid fairly out—"do be a little prudent, my dear! When a minister lodges with one of his flock, he must think of appearances—and if it were only for my dear child's sake, Arthur! Susan must not be spoken of through our anxiety; O, my child!—Where can she be?—Where can she be?"

"Mother dear, you must keep up, or everything is lost!" cried Vincent, for the first time moved to the depths of his heart by that outcry of despair. He came to her and held her trembling hands, and laid his face upon them without any kiss or caress, that close clinging touch of itself expressing best the fellowship of their wretchedness. But Mrs. Vincent put

her son away from her, when the door again bounced open. "My dear boy, here is the sauce, and you must eat your chop," she said, getting up and drawing forward a chair for him; her hands, which trembled so, grew steady as she put everything in order, cut the bread, and set his plate before him. "Oh, eat something, Arthur dear—you must, or you cannot go through it," said the widow, with her piteous smile. Then she sat down at the table by him in her defensive armor. The watchful eyes of "the flock" were all around spying upon the dreadful calamity which had overwhelmed them; at any moment the college companion whom Vincent had sent for might come in upon them in all the gayety of his holiday. What they said had to be said with this consciousness—and the mother, in the depth of her suspense and terror, sat like a queen inspected on all sides, and with possible traitors round her, but resolute and self-commanding in her extremity, determined at least to be true to herself.

"Arthur, can you think where to go?" she said, after a little interval, almost under her breath.

"To London first," said Vincent—"to inquire after—*him*, curse him! don't say anything, mother—I am only a man after all. Then, according to the information I get.—God help us!—if I don't get back before another Sunday—"

Mrs. Vincent gave a convulsive start, which shook the table against which she was leaning, and fell to shivering as if in a fit of ague. "O Arthur, Arthur, what are you saying? Another Sunday!" she exclaimed with a cry of despair. To live another day seemed impossible in that horror. But self-restraint was natural to the woman who had been, as she said, a minister's wife for thirty years. She clasped her hands tight, and took up her burden again. "I will see Mr. Beecher when he comes, dear, and—and speak to him," she said with a sigh, "and I will see the Tozers and—your people, Arthur; and if it should be God's will to keep us long in suspense, if—if—I can keep alive, dear, I may be of some use. O Arthur, Arthur, the Lord have pity upon us! if my darling comes back, will she come here or will she go home? Don't you think she will come here? If I go back to Lonsdale, I will not be able to rest for thinking she is

at Carlingford; and if I stay—O Arthur, where do you think Susan will go to? She might be afraid to see you, and think you would be angry, but she never could distrust her poor mother, who was the first to put her in danger; and to think of my dear child going either there or here, and not finding me, Arthur! My dear, you are not eating anything. You can never go through it all without some support. For my sake, try to eat a little, my own boy; and O Arthur, what must I do?"

"These Tozers and people will worry you to death if you stay here," said the minister, with an impatient sigh, as he thought of his own difficulties; "but I must not lose time by going back with you to Lonsdale, and you must not travel by yourself, and this is more in the way, whatever happens. Send word to Lonsdale that you are to have a message by telegraph immediately—without a moment's loss of time—if she comes back."

"You might say *when*, Arthur, not *if*," said his mother, with a little flash of tender resentment—then she gave way for the moment, and leaned her head against his arm and held him fast with that pressure and close clasp which spoke more than any words. When she raised her pale face again, it was to entreat him once more to eat. "Try to take something, if it were only a mouthful, for Susan's sake," pleaded the widow. Her son made a dismal attempt as she told him. Happy are the houses that have not seen such dreadful pretences of meals where tears were the only possible food! When she saw him fairly engaged in this desperate effort to take "some support," the poor mother went away and wrote a crafty female letter, which she brought to him to read. He would have smiled at it had the occasion been less tragic. It was addressed to the minister of "the connection" at Lonsdale, and set forth how she was detained at Carlingford by some family affairs—how Susan was visiting friends and travelling, and her mother was not sure where to address her—and how it would be the greatest favor if he would see Williams at the cottage, and have a message despatched to Mrs. Vincent the moment her daughter returned. "Do you not think it would be better to confide in him a little, and tell him what anxiety we are in?" said

Vincent, when he read this letter. His mother took it out of his hands with a little cry.

"O Arthur, though you are her brother, you are only a man, and don't understand," cried Mrs. Vincent. "Nobody must have anything to say about my child. If she comes to-night, she will come here," continued the poor mother, pausing instinctively once more to listen; "she might have been detained somewhere; she may come at any moment—at any moment, Arthur dear! Though these telegraphs frighten me, and look as if they must bring bad news, I will send you word directly when my darling girl comes; but oh, my dear, though it is dreadful to send you away, and to think of your travelling to-morrow and breaking the Sunday, and very likely your people hearing it—O Arthur, God knows better, and will not blame you—and if you will not take anything more to eat, you should not lose time, my dearest boy! Don't look at me, Arthur—don't say good-by. Perhaps you may meet her before you leave—perhaps you may not need to go away. O Arthur dear, don't lose any more time!"

"It is scarcely time for the train yet," said the minister, getting up slowly; "the world does not care, though our hearts are breaking; it keeps its own time. Mother, good-by. God knows what may have happened before I see you again."

"O Arthur, say nothing—say nothing! What can happen but my child to come home?" cried his mother, as he clasped her hands and drew her closer to him. She leaned against her son's breast, which heaved convulsively, for one moment, and no more. She did not look at him as he went slowly out of the room, leaving her to the unspeakable silence and solitude in which every kind of terror started up and crept about. But before Vincent had left the house his mother's anxiety and hope were once more excited to passion. Some one knocked and entered; there was a sound of voices and steps on the stair audibly approaching this room in which she sat with her fears. But it was not Susan; it was a young man of Arthur's own age, with his travelling-bag in his hand, and his sermons in his pocket. He had no suspicion that the sight of him brought the chill of despair to her heart as he went up to shake hands with his friend's mother. "Vincent

would not come back to introduce me," said Mr. Beecher, "but he said I should find you here. I have known him many years, and it is a great pleasure to make your acquaintance. Sometimes he used to show me your letters years ago. Is Miss Vincent with you? It is pleasant to get out of town for a little, even though one has to preach; and they will all be interested in 'Omerton to hear how Vincent is getting on. Made quite a commotion in the world, they say, with these lectures of his. I always knew he would make an 'it if he had fair play."

"I am very glad to see you," said Mrs. Vincent. "I have just come up from Lonsdale, and everything is in a confusion. When people grow old," said the poor widow, busying herself in collecting the broken pieces of bread which Arthur had crumbled down by way of pretending to eat, "they feel fatigue and being put out of their way more than they ought. What can I get for you? will you have a glass of wine, and dinner as soon as it can be ready? My son had to go away."

"Preaching somewhere?" asked the lively Mr. Beecher.

"N-no; he has some—private business to attend to," said Mrs. Vincent, with a silent groan in her heart.

"Ah!—going to be married, I suppose," said the man from 'Omerton; "that's the natural consequence after a man gets a charge. Miss Vincent is not with you, I think you said? I'll take a glass of wine, thank you; and I hear one of the flock has sent over to ask me to tea—Mr. Tozer, a leading man, I believe, among our people here," added Mr. Beecher, with a little complacence. "It's very pleasant when a congregation is hospitable and friendly. When a pastor's popular, you see, it always reacts upon his brethren. May I ask if you are going to Mr. Tozer's to tea to-night?"

"Oh, no," faltered poor Mrs. Vincent, whom prudence kept from adding, "heaven forbid!" "They—did not know I was here," she continued faintly, turning away to ring the bell. Mr. Beecher, who flattered himself on his penetration, nodded slightly when her back was turned. "Jealous that they've asked me," said the preacher, with a lively thrill of human satisfaction. How was he to know the blank of misery, the wretched feverish activity of thought, that

possessed that mild little woman, as she gave her orders about the removal of the tray, and the dinner which already was being prepared for the stranger? But the lively young man from 'Omerton perceived that there was something wrong. Vincent's black looks when he met him at the door, and the exceeding promptitude of that invitation to tea, were two and two which he could put together. He concluded directly that the pastor, though he had made "an 'it," was not found to suit the connection in Carlingford; and that possibly another candidate for Salem might be required ere long. "I would not injure Vincent for the world," he said to himself, "but if he does not 'it it, I might." The thought was not unpleasant. Accordingly, while Vincent's mother kept her place there in the anguish of her heart, thinking that perhaps, even in this dreadful extremity, she might be able to do something for Arthur with his people, and conciliate the authorities, her guest was thinking, if Vincent were to leave Carlingford, what a pleasant distance from town it was, and how very encouraging of the Tozers to ask him to tea. It might come to something more than preaching for a friend; and if Vincent did not "it it," and a change were desirable, nobody could tell what might happen. All this smiling fabric the stranger built upon the discomposed looks of the Vincents and Phæbe's invitation to tea.

To sit by him and keep up a little attempt at conversation—to superintend his dinner, and tell him what she knew of Salem and her son's lectures, and his success generally, as became the minister's mother—was scarcely so hard as to be left afterwards, when he went out to Tozer's, all alone once more with the silence, with the sounds outside, with the steps that seem to come to the door, and the carriages that paused in the street, all sending dreadful thrills of hope through poor Mrs. Vincent's worn-out heart. Happily, her faculties were engaged by those frequent and oft-repeated tremors. In the fever of her anxiety, always startled with an expectation that at last this was Susan, she did not enter into the darker question where Susan might really be, and what had befallen the unhappy girl. Half an hour after Mr. Beecher left her, Phæbe Tozer came in, affectionate and anxious, driving the wretched mother almost wild by the sound

of her step and the apparition of her young womanhood, to beg and pray that Mrs. Vincent would join them at their "friendly tea." "And so this is Mr. Vincent's room," said Phæbe, with a bashful air; "it feels so strange to be here! and you must be so dull when he is gone. Oh, do come, and let us try to amuse you a little; though I am sure none of us could ever be such good company as the minister—oh, not half or quarter!" cried Phæbe. Even in the midst of her misery, the mother was woman enough to think that Phæbe showed too much interest in the minister. She declined the invitation with gentle distinctness. She did not return the enthusiastic kiss which was bestowed upon her. "I am very tired, thank you," said Mrs. Vincent. "On Monday, if all is well, I will call to see your mamma. I hope you will not catch cold coming out in this thin dress. I am sure it was very kind of you; but I am very tired to-night. On—Monday." Alas, Monday! could this horror last so long, and she not die? or would all be well by that time, and Susan in her longing arms? The light went out of her eyes, and the breath from her heart, as that dreadful question stared her in the face. She scarcely saw Phæbe's withdrawal; she lay back in her chair in a kind of dreadful trance, till those stumbling steps and passing carriages began again, and roused her back into agonized life and bootless hope.

CHAPTER XIX.

VINCENT had shaken hands with his friend at the door, and hurried past, saying something about losing the train, in order to escape conversation; but, with the vivid perceptions of excitement, he heard the delivery of Phæbe's message, and saw the complacency with which the Homerton man regarded the invitation which had anticipated his arrival. The young Nonconformist had enough to think of as he took his way once more to the railway, and tea at Mrs. Tozer's was anything but attractive to his own fancy; yet in the midst of his wretchedness he could not overcome the personal sense of annoyance which this trifling incident produced. It came like a prick of irritating pain, to aggravate the dull horror which throbbed through him. He despised himself for being able to think of it at all, but at the same time it came

back to him, darting unawares again and again into his thoughts. Little as he cared for the entertainments and attention of his flock, he was conscious of a certain exasperation in discovering their eagerness to entertain another. He was disgusted with Phœbe for bringing the message, and disgusted with Beecher for looking pleased to receive it. "Probably he thinks he will supersede me," Vincent thought, in sudden gusts of disdain now and then, with a sardonic smile on his lip, waking up afterwards with a thrill of deeper self-disgust, to think that anything so insignificant had power to move him. When he plunged off from Carlingford at last, in the early falling darkness of the winter afternoon, and looked back upon the few lights struggling red through the evening mists, it was with a sense of belonging to the place where he had left an interloper who might take his post over his head, which, perhaps, no other possible stimulant could have given him. He thought with a certain pang of Salem, and that pulpit which was his own, but in which another man should stand to-morrow, with a quickened thrill of something that was almost jealousy; he wondered what might be the sentiments of the connection about his deputy—perhaps Brown and Pigeon would prefer that florid voice to his own—perhaps Phœbe might find the substitute more practicable than the incumbent. Nothing before had ever made Salem so interesting to the young pastor as Beecher's complacency over that invitation to tea.

But he had much more serious matters to consider in his rapid journey. Vincent was but a man, though he was Susan's brother. He did not share those desperate hopes which afforded a kind of forlorn comfort and agony of expectation to his mother's heart. No thought that Susan would come home either to Carlingford or Lonsdale was in his mind. In what way soever the accursed villain, whom his face blanched with deadly rage to think of, had managed to get her in his power, Susan's sweet life was lost, her brother knew. He gave her up with unspeakable anguish and pity; but he did give her up, and hoped for no deliverance. Shame had taken possession of that image which fancy kept presenting in double tenderness and brightness to him as his heart burned in the darkness. He might find her indeed; he might snatch her out of those polluting

arms, and bring home the sullied lily to her mother, but never henceforward could hope or honor blossom about his sister's name. He made up his mind to that in grim misery, with his teeth clenched, and a desperation of rage and horror in his heart. But in proportion to his conviction that Susan would not return, was his eagerness to find her, and snatch her away. To think of her in horror and despair was easier than to think of her deluded and happy, as might be—as most probably was the case. This latter possibility made Vincent frantic. He could scarcely endure the slowness of the motion which was the highest pitch of speed that skill and steam had yet made possible. No express train could travel so fast as the thoughts which went before him, dismal pioneers penetrating the most dread abysses. To think of Susan happy in her horrible downfall and ruin was more than flesh or blood could bear.

When Vincent reached town, he took his way without a moment's hesitation to the street in Piccadilly where he had once sought Mr. Fordham. He approached the place now with no precautions; he had his cab driven up to the door, and boldly entered as soon as it was opened. The house was dark and silent but for the light in the narrow hall; nobody there at that dead hour, while it was still too early for dinner. And it was not the vigilant owner of the place, but a drowsy helper in a striped jacket who presented himself at the door, and replied to Vincent's inquiry for Colonel Mildmay, that the Colonel was not at home—never was at home at that hour—but was not unwilling to inquire if the gentleman would wait. Vincent put up the collar of his coat about his ears, and stood back with eager attention, intently alive to everything. Evidently the ruler of the house was absent as well as the Colonel. The man lounged to the staircase and shouted down, leaning upon the bannisters. No aside or concealment was possible in this perfectly easy method of communication. With an anxiety strongly at variance with the colloquy thus going on, and an intensification of all his faculties which only the height of excitement could give, Vincent stood back and listened. He heard every step that passed outside; the pawing of the horse in the cab that waited for him, the chance voices of the

passengers, all chiming in, without interrupting the conversation between the man who admitted him and his fellow-servant down-stairs.

"Jim, is the Colonel at home?—he ain't, to be sure, but we wants to know particklar. Here," in a slightly lowered voice, "his mother's been took bad, and the parson's sent for him. When is he agoing to be in to dinner? Ask Cookie, she'll be sure to know."

"The Colonel ain't coming in to dinner, stoopid," answered the unseen interlocutor; "he ain't been here all day. Out o' town. Couldn't you say so, instead of jabbering? Out o' town. It's allays safe to say, and this time it's true."

"What's he adoin' of, in case the gen'l-man should want to know?" said the fellow at the head of the stair.

"After mischief," was the brief and emphatic answer. "You come along down to your work, and let the Colonel alone."

"Any mischief in particklar?" continued the man, tossing a dirty napkin in his hand, and standing in careless contempt, with his back to the minister. "It's a pleasant way the Colonel's got, that is: any more particklars, Jim?—the gen'l-man 'll stand something if you'll let him know."

"Hold your noise, stoopid—it ain't no concern o' yours—my master's my master, and I ain't agoing to tell his seccets," said the voice below. Vincent had made a step forward, divided between his impulse to kick the impertinent fellow who had admitted him down-stairs, and the equally strong impulse which prompted him to offer any bribe to the witness who knew his master's secrets; but he was suddenly arrested in both by a step on the street outside, and the grating of a latch-key in the door. A long light step, firm and steady, with a certain sentiment of rapid silent progress in it. Vincent could not tell what strange fascination it was that made him turn round to watch this new-comer. The stranger's approach thrilled him vaguely, he could not tell how. Then the door opened, and a man appeared like the footstep—a very tall slight figure, stooping forward a little; a pale oval face, too long to be handsome, adorned with a long brown beard; thoughtful eyes, with a distant gleam in them, now and then flashing into sudden penetrating glances—a loose

dress too light for the season, which somehow carried out all the peculiarities of the long light step, the thin sinewy form, the thoughtful softness and keenness of the eye. Even in the height of his own suspense and excitement, Vincent paused to ask himself who this could be. He came in with one sudden glance at the stranger in the hall, passed him, and calling to the man, who became on the moment respectful and attentive, asked if there were any letters. "What name, sir?—beg your pardon—my place ain't up-stairs," said the fellow. What was the name? Vincent rushed forward when he heard it, and seized the new-comer by the shoulder with the fierceness of a tiger. "Fordham!" cried the young man, with boiling rage and hatred. Next moment he had let go his grasp, and was gazing bewildered upon the calm stranger, who looked at him with merely a thoughtful inquiry in his eyes. "Fordham—at your service—do you want anything with me?" he asked, meeting with undiminished calm the young man's excited looks. This composure put a sudden curb on Vincent's passion.

"My name is Vincent," he said, sustaining himself with an effort, "do you know now what I want with you? No? Am I to believe your looks or your name? If you are the man," cried the young Nonconformist, with a groan out of his distracted heart, "whom Lady Western could trust with life to death—or if you are a fiend incarnate, making misery and ruin, you shall not escape me till I know the truth. Where is Susan? Here is where her innocent letters came—they were addressed to your name. Where is she now? Answer me! For you, as well as the rest of us, it is life or death."

"You are raving," said the stranger, keeping his awakened eyes fixed upon Vincent; "but this is easily settled. I returned from the East only yesterday. I don't know you. What was that you said about Lady—Lady—what lady? Come in: and my name?—my name has been unheard in our country, so far as I know, for ten years. Lady?—come in and explain what you mean."

The two stood together confronting each other in the little parlor of the house, where the striped jacket quickly and humbly lighted the gas. Vincent's face, haggard with misery and want of rest, looked wild in that sudden light. The stranger stood

opposite him, leaning forward with a strange eagerness and inquiry. He did not care for Vincent's anxiety, who was a stranger to him; he cared only to hear again that name—Lady——? He had heard it already, or he would have been less curious; he wanted to understand this wonderful message wafted to him out of his old life. What did it matter to Herbert Fordham, used to the danger of the deserts and mountains, whether it was a maniac who brought this chance seed of a new existence to his wondering heart?

"A man called Fordham has gone into my mother's house," said Vincent, fixing his eyes upon those keen but visionary orbs which were fixed on him—"and won the love of my sister. She wrote to him here—to this house; yesterday he carried her away, to her shame and destruction. Answer me," cried the young man, making another fierce step forward, growing hoarse with passion, and clenching his hands in involuntary rage—"was it you?"

"There are other men called Fordham in existence besides me," cried the stranger, with a little irritation; then seizing his loose coat by its pockets, he shook out, with a sudden impatient motion, a cloud of letters from these receptacles. "Because you seem in great excitement and distress, and yet are not, as far as I can judge," said Mr. Fordham, with another glance at Vincent, "mad, I will take pains to satisfy you; look at my letters; their dates and post-marks will convince you that what you say is simply impossible, for that I was not here."

Vincent clutched and took them up with a certain blind eagerness, not knowing what he did. He did not look at them to satisfy himself that what Fordham said was true. A wild, half-conscious idea that there must be something in them about Susan possessed him; he saw neither dates nor post-mark, though he held them up to the light, as if they were proofs of something. "No," he said at last, "it was not you—it was that fiend Mildmay, Rachel Russell's husband. Where is he? he has taken your name, and made you responsible for his devilish deeds. Help me, if you are a Christian! My sister is in his hands, curse him! Help me, for the sake of your name, to find them out. I am a stranger, and they will give me no information; but they will tell you. For God's

sake, ask and let me go after them. If ever you were beholden to the help of Christian men, help me! for it is life and death!"

"Mildmay! Rachel Russell's husband? under my name?" said Mr. Fordham, slowly. "I have been beholden to Christian men, and that for very life. You make a strong appeal: who are you that are so desperate? and what was that you said?"

"I am Susan Vincent's brother," said the young Nonconformist; "that is enough. This devil has taken your name; help me, for heaven's sake to find him out!"

"Mildmay? devil? yes, he is a devil! you are right enough: I owe him no love," said Fordham; then he paused and turned away, as if in momentary perplexity. "To help that villain to his reward would be a man's duty; but," said the stranger, with a heavy sigh upon which his words came involuntarily, spoken to himself, breathing out of his heart—"he is *her* brother, devil, though he is."

"Yes!" cried Vincent, with passion, "he is *her* brother." When he had said the words, the young man groaned aloud. Partly he forgot that this man, who looked upon him with so much curiosity, was the man who had brought tears and trembling to Her; partly he remembered it, and forgot his jealousy for the moment in a bitter sense of fellow-feeling. In his heart he could see her, waving her hand to him out of her passing carriage, with that smile for which he would have risked his life. Oh, hideous fate! it was *her* brother whom he was bound to pursue to the end of the world. He buried his face in his hands, in a momentary madness of anguish and passion. Susan floated away like a mist from that burning personal horizon. The love and the despair were too much for Vincent. The hope that had always been impossible was frantic now. When he recovered himself, the stranger whom he had thus unawares taken into his confidence was regarding him haughtily from the other side of the table, with a fiery light in his thoughtful eyes. Suspicion, jealousy, resentment, had begun to sparkle in those orbs, which in repose looked so far away and lay so calm. Mr. Fordham measured the haggard and worn-out young man with a look of rising dislike and animosity. He was at least ten years older than the young Nonconformist, who

stood there in his wretchedness and exhaustion entirely at disadvantage, looking, in his half-clerical dress, which he had not changed for four-and-twenty hours, as different as can be conceived from the scrupulously dressed gentleman in his easy morning habiliments, which would not have been out of place in the rudest scene, yet spoke of personal nicety and high-breeding in every easy fold. Vincent himself felt the contrast with an instant flush of answering jealousy and passion. For a moment the two glanced at each other, conscious rivals, though not a word of explanation had been spoken. It was Mr. Fordham who spoke first, and in a somewhat hasty and imperious tone.

"You spoke of a lady—Lady Western, I think. As it was you yourself who sought this interview, I may be pardoned if I stumble on a painful subject," he said, with some bitterness. "I presume you know that lady by your tone—was it she who sent you to me? No? Then I confess your appeal to a total stranger seems to me singular, to say the least of it. Where is your proof that Colonel Mildmay has used my name?"

"Proof is unnecessary," said Vincent, firing with kindred resentment; "I have told you the fact, but I do not press my appeal, though it was made to your honor. Pardon me for intruding on you so long. I have now no time to lose."

He turned away, stung in his hasty youthfulness by the appearance of contempt. He would condescend to ask no further. When he was once more outside the parlor, he held up the half-sovereign, which he had kept ready in his hand, to the slovenly fellow in the striped jacket. "Twice as much if you will tell where Colonel Mildmay is gone," he said, hurriedly. The man winked and nodded and pointed outside, but before Vincent could leave the room a hasty summons came from the parlor which he had just left. Then Mr. Fordham appeared at the door.

"If you will wait I will make what inquiries I can," said the stranger, with distant courtesy and seriousness. "Excuse me, I was taken by surprise; but if you have suffered injury under my name, it is my business to vindicate myself. Come in. If you will take my advice, you will rest and refresh yourself before you pursue a man with all his wits about him. Wait for me

here and I will bring you what information I can. You don't suppose I mean to play you false?" he added, with prompt irritation, seeing that Vincent hesitated and did not at once return to the room. It was no relenting of heart that moved him to make this offer. It was with no softening of feeling that the young Nonconformist went back again and accepted it. They met like enemies, each on his honor. Mr. Fordham hastened out to acquit himself of that obligation. Vincent threw himself into a chair, and waited for the result. It was the first moment of rest and quiet he had known since the morning of the previous day, when he and his mother, alarmed but comparatively calm, had gone to see Mrs. Hilyard, who was now, like himself, wandering, with superior knowledge and more desperate passion, on the same track. To sit in this house in the suspicious silence, hearing the distant thrill of voices which might guide or foil him in his search; to think who it was whom he had engaged to help him in his terrible mission; to go over again in distracted gleams and snatches the brief little circle of time which had brought all this about, the group of figures into which his life had been absorbed,—rapt the young man into a maze of excited musing, which his exhausted frame at once dulled and intensified. They seemed to stand round him, with their faces so new yet so familiar—that needlewoman with her emphatic mouth—Mildmay—Lady Western—last of all, this man, who was not Susan's lover—not Susan's destroyer—but a man to be trusted "with life—to death!" Vincent put up his hands to put away from him that wonderful circle of strangers who shut out everything else in the world—even his own life—from his eyes. What were they to him? he asked, with an unspeakable bitterness in his heart. Heaven help him! they were the real creatures for whom life and the world were made—he and his poor Susan the shadows to be absorbed into, and under them; and then, with a wild, bitter, hopeless rivalry, the mind of the poor Dissenting minister came round once more to the immediate contact in which he stood—to Fordham, in whose name his sister's life had been shipwrecked, and by whom, as he divined with cruel foresight, his own hopeless love and dreams were to be made an

end of. Well! what better could they come to? but it was hard to think of him, with his patrician looks, his negligent grace, his conscious superiority, and to submit to accept assistance from him even in the sorest need. These thoughts were in his mind when Mr. Fordham hastily re-entered the room. A thrill of excitement now was in the long, lightly-falling step, which already Vincent, with the keen ear of rivalry, almost as quick as that of love, could recognize as it approached. The stranger was disturbed out of his composure. He shut the door and came up to the young man, who rose to meet him, with a certain excited repugnance and attraction such like Vincent's own feelings.

"You are quite right," he said, hastily; "I find letters have been coming here for some months, addressed as if to me, which Mildmay has had. The man of the house is absent, or I should never have heard of it. I don't know what injury he may have done *you*; but this is an insult I don't forgive. Stop! I have every reason to believe that he has gone," said Fordham, growing darkly red, "to a house of mine, to confirm this slander upon me. To prove that I am innocent of all share in it—I don't mean to you—you believe me, I presume?" he said, with a haughty sudden pause, looking straight in Vincent's face—"I will go—" here Mr. Fordham stopped again, and once more looked at Vincent with that indistinguishable mixture of curiosity, dislike, resentment, and interest, which the eyes of the young Nonconformist repaid him fully,—"with you—if you choose. At all events, I will go to-night—to Fordham, where the scoundrel is. I cannot permit it to be believed for an hour that it is I who have done this villany. The lady you mentioned, I presume, knows?"—he added, sharply—"knows what has happened, and whom you suspect? This must be set right at once. If you choose, we can go together."

"Where is the place?" asked Vincent, without any answer to this proposition.

Fordham looked at him with a certain haughty offence: he had made the offer as though it were a very disagreeable expedient, but resented instantly the tacit neglect of it shown by his companion.

"In Northumberland—seven miles from the railway," he said, with a kind of gratifi-

cation. "Once more, I say, you can go with me if you will, which may serve us both. I don't pretend to be disinterested. My object is to have my reputation clear of this, at all events. Your object, I presume, is to get to your journey's end as early as may be. Choose for yourself. Fordham is between Durham and Morpeth—seven miles from Lamington station. You will find difficulty in getting there by yourself, and still greater difficulty in getting admission; and I repeat, if you choose it, you can go with me—or I will accompany you, if that pleases you better. Either way, there is little time to consider. The train goes at eight or nine o'clock—I forget which. I have have not dined. What shall you do?"

"Thank you," said Vincent. It was perhaps a greater effort to him to overcome his involuntary repugnance than it was to the stranger beside him, who had all the superior ease of superior rank and age. The Nonconformist turned away his eyes from his new companion, and made a pretence of consulting his watch. "I will take advantage of your offer," he said, coldly, withdrawing a step with instinctive reserve. On these diplomatic terms their engagement was made. Vincent declined to share the dinner which the other offered him, as one duellist might offer hospitality to another. He drove away in his Hansom, with a restrained gravity of excitement, intent upon the hour's rest and the meal which were essential to make him anything like a match for this unexpected travelling companion. Every morsel he attempted to swallow when in Carlingford under his mother's anxious eyes, choked the excited young man; but now he ate with a certain stern appetite, and even snatched an hour's sleep and changed his dress, under this novel stimulant. Poor Susan, for whom her mother sat hopelessly watching with many a thrill of agony at home! Poor lost one, far away in the depths of the strange country in the night and darkness! Whether despair and horror enveloped her, or delirious false happiness and delusion, again she stood secondary even in her brother's thoughts. He tried to imagine it was she who occupied his mind, and wrote a hurried note to his mother to that purport; but with guilt and self-disgust, knew in his own mind how often another shadow stood between him and his

lost sister—a shadow bitterly veiled from him, turning its sweetness and its smiles upon the man who was about to help him, against whom he gnashed his teeth in the anguish of his heart.

CHAPTER XX.

THEY were but these two in the railway-carriage; no other passengers broke the silent conflict of their companionship. They sat in opposite corners, as far apart as their space would permit, but on opposite sides of the carriage as well, so that one could not move without betraying his every movement to the other's keen observation. Each of them kept possession of a window, out of which he gazed into the visible blackness of the winter night. Two or three times in the course of the long darksome chilly journey, a laconic remark was made by one or the other with a deadly steadiness, and gravity, and facing of each other as they spoke; but no further intercourse took place between them. When they first met, Fordham had made an attempt to draw his fellow-traveller into repetition of that first passionate speech which had secured his own attention to Vincent; but the young Nonconformist perceived the attempt, and resented it with sullen offence and gloom. He took the stranger's indifference to *his* trouble, and undisguised and simple purpose of acquitting himself, as somehow an affront, though he could not have explained how it was so; and this notwithstanding his own consciousness of realizing this silent conflict and rivalry with Fordham, even more deeply in his own person than he did the special misery which had befallen his house. Through the sullen silent midnight the train dashed on, the faint light flickering in the unsteady carriage, the two speechless figures, with eyes averted, watching each other through all the ice-cold hours. It was morning when they got out, cramped and frozen, at the little station, round which miles and miles of darkness, a black unfathomable ocean, seemed to lie—and which shone there with its little red sparkle of light among its wild waste of moors like the one touch of human life in a desert. They had a dreary hour to wait in the little wooden room by the stifling fire, divided between the smothering atmosphere within and the thrilling cold without, before a conveyance could be procured for

them, in which they set out shivering over the seven darkling miles between them and Fordham. Vincent stood apart in elaborate indifference and carelessness, when the squire was recognized and done homage to; and Fordham's eye, even while lighted up by the astonished delight of the welcome given him by the driver of the vehicle who first found him out, turned instinctively to the Mordecai in the corner who took no heed. No conversation between them diversified the black road along which they drove. Mr. Fordham took refuge in the driver, whom he asked all those questions about the people of the neighborhood which are so interesting to the inhabitants of a district and so wearisome to strangers. Vincent, who sat in the dog-cart with his face turned the other way, suffered himself to be carried through the darkness by the powerful horse, which made his own seat a somewhat perilous one, with nothing so decided in his thoughts as a dumb sense of opposition and resistance. The general misery of his mind and body—the sense that all the firmament around him was black as the sky—the restless wretchedness that oppressed his heart—all concentrated into conscious rebellion and enmity. He seemed to himself at war, not only with Mr. Fordham who was helping him, but with God and life.

Morning was breaking when they reached the house. The previous day, as it dawned chilly over the world, had revealed his mother's ashy face to Vincent as they came up from Lonsdale with sickening thrills of hope that Susan might still be found unharmed. Here was another horror of a new day rising, the third since Susan disappeared into that darkness which was now lifting in shuddering mists from the bleak country round. Was she here in her shame, the lost creature? As he began to ask himself that question, what cruel spirit was it that drew aside a veil of years, and showed to the unhappy brother that prettiest dancing figure, all smiles and sunshine, sweet honor and hope? Poor lost child! what sweet eyes, lost in an unfathomable light of joy and confidence—what truthful looks, which feared no evil! Just as they came in sight of that hidden house, where perhaps the hidden, stolen creature lay in the darkness, the brightest picture flashed back upon Vincent's eyes with an indescribably subtle an-

guish of contrast; how he had come up to her once—the frank, fair Saxon girl—in the midst of a group of gypsies—how he found she had done a service to one of them, and the whole tribe did homage—how he had asked, “Were you not afraid, Susan?” and how the girl had looked up at him with undoubting eyes, and answered, “Afraid, Arthur?—yes, of wild beasts if I saw them, not of men and women.” Oh, Heaven!—and here he was going to find her in shame and ruin, hidden away in this secret place! He sprang to the ground before the vehicle had stopped, jarring his frozen limbs. He could not bear to be second now, and follow to the dread discovery which should be his alone. He rushed through the shrubbery without asking any question, and began to knock violently at the door. What did it matter to him though its master was there, looking on with folded arms and unsympathetic face? Natural love rushed back to the young man’s heart. He settled with himself, as he stood waiting, how he would wrap her in his coat, and hurry her away without letting any cold eye fall upon the lost creature. Oh, hard and cruel fate! oh, wonderful, heart-breaking indifference of Heaven! The Innocents are murdered, and God looks on like a man, and does not interfere. Such are the broken thoughts of misery—half thought, half recollection—that ran through Vincent’s mind as he knocked at the echoing door.

“Eugh! you may knock, and better knock, and I’ve undertake none comes at the ca’,” said the driver, not without a little complacency. “I tell the squire, as there han’t been man nor woman here for ages; but he don’t believe me. She’s deaf as a post, is the housekeeper; and her daughter, she’s more to do nor hear when folks is wanting in—and this hour in the morning! But canny, canny, man! he’ll have the door staved in if we all stand by and the squire don’t interfere.”

Vincent paid no attention to the remonstrance—which, indeed, he only remembered afterwards, and did not hear at the moment. The house was closely shut in with trees, which made the gloom of morning darker here than in the open road, and increased the aspect of secrecy which had impressed the young man’s excited imagination. While he went on knocking, Fordham alighted and

went round to another entrance, where he too began to knock, calling at the same time to the unseen keepers of the place. After awhile some answering sounds became audible—first the feeble yelping of an asthmatic dog, then a commotion up-stairs, and at last a window was thrown up, and a female head enveloped in a shawl looked out. “Eh, whae are ye? vagabond villains,—and this a gentleman’s house,” cried a cracked voice. “I’ll let the squire know—I’ll rouse the man-servants. Tramps! what are you wanting here?” The driver of the dog-cart took up the response well pleased. He announced the arrival of the squire, to the profound agitation of the house, which showed itself in a variety of scuffling sounds and the wildest exclamations of wonder. Vincent leaned his throbbing head against the door, and waited in a dull fever of impatience and excitement, as these noises gradually came nearer. When the door itself was reached and hasty hands began to unfasten its bolts, Susan’s brother pressed alone upon the threshold, forgetful and indifferent that the master of the house stood behind, watching him with close and keen observation. He forgot whose house it was, and all about his companion. What were such circumstances to him, as he approached the conclusion of his search, and thought every moment to hear poor Susan’s cry of shame and terror? He made one hasty stride into the hall when the door was open, and looked round him with burning eyes. The wonder with which the women inside looked at him, their outcry of disappointment and anger when they found him a stranger, coming first as he did, and throwing the squire entirely into the shade, had no effect upon the young man, who was by this time half frantic. He went up to the elder woman and grasped her by the arm. “Where is she? show me the way!” he said, hoarsely, unable to utter an unnecessary word. He held the terrified woman fast, and thrust her before him, he could not tell where, into the unknown house, all dark and miserable in the wretchedness of the dawn. “Show me the way!” he cried with his broken hoarse voice. A confused and inarticulate scene ensued, which Vincent remembered afterwards only like a dream; the woman’s scream—the interference of Fordham, upon whom his fellow-traveller turned with sud-

den fury—the explanation to which he listened without understanding it, and which at first roused him to wild rage as a pretence and falsehood. But even Vincent at last, struggling into soberer consciousness as the day broadened ever chiller and more gray over the little group of strange faces round him, came to understand and make out that both Fordham and he had been deceived. Nobody had been there—letters addressed both to Fordham himself, and to Colonel Mildmay, had been for some days received; but these, it appeared, were only a snare laid to withdraw the pursuers from the right scent. Not to be convinced, in the sullen stupor of his excitement, Vincent followed Fordham into all the gloomy corners of the neglected house—seeing everything without knowing what he saw. But one thing was plain beyond the possibility of doubt, that Susan was not there.

"I am to blame for this fruitless journey," said Fordham, with a touch of sympathy more than he had yet exhibited; "perhaps personal feeling had too much share in it; now I trust you will have some breakfast before you set out again. So far as my assistance can be of any use to you—"

"I thank you," said Vincent, coldly; "it is a business in which a stranger can have no interest. You have done all you cared to do," continued the young man, hastily gathering up the overcoat which he had thrown down on entering; "you have vindicated yourself—I will trouble you no further. If I encounter any one interested in Mr. Fordham," he concluded, with difficulty and bitterness, but with a natural generosity which, even in his despair, he could not bely, "I will do him justice." He made an abrupt end, and turned away, not another word being possible to him. Fordham, not without a sentiment of sympathy, followed him to the door, urging refreshment, rest, even his own society, upon his companion of the night. Vincent's face, more and more haggard—his exhausted excited air—the poignant wretchedness of his youth, on which the older man looked, not without reminiscences, awoke the sympathy and compassion of the looker-on, even in the midst of less kindly emotions. But Fordham's sympathy was intolerable to poor Vincent. He took his seat with a sullen weariness once more by the talkative driver, who gave him an un-

heeded history of all the Fordhams. As they drove along the bleak moorland road, an early church-bell tingled into the silence, and struck, with horrible iron echoes, upon the heart of the minister of Salem. Sunday morning! Life all disordered, incoherent, desperate—all its usages set at nought and duties left behind. Nothing could have added the final touch of conscious derangement and desperation like the sound of that bell; all his existence and its surroundings floated about him in feverish clouds, as it came to his mind that this wild morning, hysterical with fatigue and excitement, was the Sunday—the day of his special labors—the central point of all his former life. Chaos gloomed around the poor minister, who, in his misery, was human enough to remember Beecher's smile and Phoebe Tozer's invitation, and to realize how all the "Chapel folks" would compare notes, and contrast their own pastor, to whom they had become accustomed, with the new voice from Homer-ton, which, half in pride and half in disgust, Vincent acknowledged to be more in their way. He fancied he could see them all collecting into their mean pews, prepared to inaugurate the "coarse" for which Tozer had struggled, and the offence upon their faces when the minister's absence was known, and the sharp stimulus which that offence would give to their appreciation of the new preacher,—all this, while he was driving over the bleak Northumberland wilds, with the cutting wind from the hills in his face, and the church-bell in his distracted ear, breaking the Sunday! Not a bright spot, so far as he could perceive, was anywhere round him, in earth, or sky, or sea.

Sunday night!—once more the church-bells, the church-going groups, the floating world, which he had many a time upbraided from the pulpit, seeking its pleasure. But it was in London now, where he stood in utter exhaustion, but incapable of rest, not knowing where to turn. Then the thought occurred to him that something might be learned at the railway stations of a party which few people could see without remarking it. He waited till the bustle of arrival was over, and then began to question the porters. One after another shook his head, and had nothing to say. But the men were interested, and gathered in a little knot round him, trying what they could recollect,

with the ready humanity of their class. "I'd speak to the detective police, sir, if I was you," suggested one; "it's them as finds out all that happens now-a-days." Then a little gleam of light penetrated the darkness. One man began to recall a light-haired gentleman with a mustache, and two ladies, who "went off sudden in a cab, with no luggage." "An uncommon swell he did look," said the porter, instinctively touching his cap to Vincent, on the strength of the connection; "and, my eyes, she was a beauty, that one in the blue veil. It was—let me see—Wednesday night; no—not Wednesday—that day as the up-train was an hour late—Friday afternoon, to be sure. It was me as called the cab, and I won't deny as the gen'leman *was* a gen'leman. Went to the London Bridge station, sir; Dover line, no luggage; I took particular notice at the time, though it went out o' my head first minute as you asked me.—Cab, sir? Yes. Here you are—here's the last on the stand.—London Bridge station, Dover line."

Vincent took no time to inquire further. In the impatience of his utter weariness and wretchedness, he seized on this slight clue, and went off at once to follow it out. London Bridge station!—what a world swarmed in those streets through which the anxious minister took his way, far too deeply absorbed in himself to think of the flood of souls that poured past him. The station was in wild bustle and commotion; a train just on the eve of starting, and late passengers dashing towards it with nervous speed. Vincent followed the tide instinctively, and stood aside to watch the long line of carriages set in motion. He was not thinking of what he saw; his whole mind was set upon the inquiry, which, as soon as that object of universal interest was gone, he could set on foot among the officials who were clanging the doors, and uttering all the final shrieks of departure. Now the tedious line glides into gradual motion. Good Heaven! what was that? the flash of a match, a sudden gleam upon vacant cushions, the profile of a face, high-featured, with the thin light locks and shadowy mustache he knew so well, standing out for a moment in aquiline distinctness against the moving space. Vincent rushed forward with a hoarse shout, which scared the crowd around him. He threw himself upon the moving train with a

desperate attempt to seize and stop it; but only to be himself seized by the frantic attendants, who caught him with a dozen hands. The travellers in the later carriages were startled by the commotion. Some of them rose and looked out with surprised looks; he saw them all as they glided past, though the passage was instantaneous. Saw them all! Yes; who was that, last of all, at the narrow window of a second-class carriage, who looked out with no surprise, but with a horrible composure in her white face, and recognized him with a look which chilled him to stone. He stood passive in the hands of the men, who had been struggling to hold him, after he encountered those eyes; he shuddered with a sudden horror, which made the crowd gather closer, believing him a maniac. Now it was gone into the black night, into the chill space, carrying a hundred innocent souls and light hearts, and among them deadly crime and vengeance—the doomed man and his executioner. His very heart shuddered in his breast as he made a faltering effort to explain himself, and get free from the crowd which thought him mad. That sight quenched the curses on his own lips, paled the fire in his heart. To see her dogging his steps, with her dreadful relentless promise in her eyes, overwhelmed Vincent, who a moment before had thrilled with all the rage of a man upon whom this villain had brought the direst shame and calamity. He could have dashed him under those wheels, plunged him into any mad destruction, in the first passionate whirl of his thoughts on seeing him again; but to see Her behind following after—pale with her horrible composure, a conscious Death tracking his very steps—drove Vincent back with a sudden paralyzing touch. He stood chilled and horror-stricken in the crowd which watched and wondered at him; he drew himself feebly out of their detaining circle, and went and sat down in the nearest seat he could find, like a man who had been stunned by some unexpected blow. He was not impatient when he heard how long he must wait before he could follow them. It was a relief to wait, to recover his breath, to realize his own position once more. That dreadful sight, diabolical and out of nature, had driven the very life-blood out of his heart.

As he sat, flung upon his bench in utter

exhaustion and feebleness, stunned and stupefied, leaning his aching head in his hands, and with many curious glances thrown at him by the bystanders, some of whom were not sure that he ought to be suffered to go at large, Vincent became sensible that some one was plucking at his sleeve, and sobbing his name. It was some time before he became aware that those weeping accents were addressed to him; some time longer before he began to think he had heard the voice before, and was so far moved as to look up. When he did raise his head it was with a violent start that he saw a little rustic figure, energetically, but with tears, appealing to him, whom his bewildered faculties slowly made out to be Mary, his mother's maid, whom Susan had taken with her when she left Lonsdale. As soon as he recognized her he sprang up, restored to himself with the first gleam of real hope which had yet visited him. "My sister is here!" he cried, almost with joy. Mary made no answer but by a despairing outbreak of tears.

"Oh no, Mr. Arthur; no—oh no, no! never no more!" cried poor Mary, when she found her voice. "It's all been deceitfulness and lyin' and falsehood, and it aint none o' her doing—oh no, no, Mr. Arthur, no!—but now she's got nobody to stand by her, for he took and brought me up this very day; oh, don't lose no time!—he took and brought me up, pretending it was to show me the way, and he's sent me right off,

Mr. Arthur, and she don't know no more nor a baby, and he'll take her off over the seas this very night—he will; for I had it of his own man. She's written letters to her ma, Mr. Arthur, but I don't think as they were ever took to the post; and he makes believe they're a-going to be married, and he'll have her off to France to-night. O Mr. Arthur, Mr. Arthur, don't lose no time! They're at a 'otel. Look you here—here's the name as I wrote down on a bit o' paper to make sure; and O Mr. Arthur, mind what I say, and don't lose no time!"

"But Susan—Susan—what of her?" cried her brother, unconsciously clutching at the girl's arm.

Mary burst into another flood of tears. She hid her face, and cried with storms of suppressed sobs. The young man rose up pale and stern from his seat, without asking another question. He took the crumpled paper out of her hand, put some money into it, and in few words directed her to go to his mother at Carlingford. What though the sight of her would break his mother's heart—what did it matter? Hearts were made to be broken, trodden on, killed,—so be it! Pale and fierce, with eyes burning red in his throbbing head, he too went on, a second murder, after the first which had preceded him in the shape of the Carlingford needlewoman. The criminal who escaped two such avengers must bear a charmed life.

FAREWELL TO GOOSEBERRY PIE.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

BY SMELFUNGUS.

As in life we advance, I have heard people say,
With what truth I don't know, that our feelings
decay,

Be that as it may, sure of one thing am I,
I have not lost my relish for Gooseberry Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, Gooseberry Pie,
I have not lost my relish for Gooseberry Pie.

I mayn't care so much as I did about flowers,
And daisies, and roses, and posies, and bowers,
In the days of my youth, but, though they have
gone by,

I know I still care about Gooseberry Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, &c.

Bright eyes of young ladies, though charming
to see,

Mayn't have the effect they once had upon me,

I've not got to thinking those eyes all my eye,
Although I think more about Gooseberry Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, &c.

Maybe that the thought of reforming mankind,
Has rather less hold than it had on my mind;
At times I'm afraid it's of no use to try,
But I've not lost my faith yet in Gooseberry Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, &c.

I like it with sugar, I like it with cream,
Oh, do not believe me the glutton I seem!
I seek not, I care not, for French stew or fry,
But I'm fond of a true English Gooseberry Pie.
Gooseberry Pie, &c.

Now ripe are the Goosegogs, I speak as a boy,
And I've still a fresh feeling that Time can't
destroy,
One youthful affection, when, heaving a sigh,
I breathe a long farewell to Gooseberry Pie!
Gooseberry Pie, Gooseberry Pie,
I retain my affection for Gooseberry Pie.

IN WAR-TIME.

INSCRIBED TO W. B.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

As they who watch by sick-beds find relief
Unwittingly from the great stress of grief
And anxious care in fantasies outwrought
From the hearth's embers flickering low, or
caught

From whispering wind, or tread of passing feet,
Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet
Snatch of old song or romance, whence or why
They scarcely know or ask,—so, thou and I,
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong
In the endurance which outwearies Wrong,
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,
And trusting God against the universe,—
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not share
With other weapons than the patriot's prayer,
Yet owning, with full hearts and moistened
eyes,

The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all
Who give their loved ones for the living wall
'Twixt law and treason,—in this evil day
May haply find, through automatic play
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,
And hearten others with the strength we gain,
I know it has been said our times require
No play of art, nor dalliance with the lyre,
No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm,
But the stern war-blast rather, such as sets
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,
And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with these
Some softer tints may blend, and milder keys
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us keep
sweet,

If so we may, our hearts, even while we eat
The bitter harvest of our own device
And half a century's moral cowardice,
As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,
And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,
And through the war-march of the Puritan
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,
So let the household melodies be sung,
The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung,—
So let us hold against the hosts of Night
And Slavery all our vantage-ground of Light.
Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake
From its flag-folds its symbol rattlesnake,
Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in tan,
And carve its pipe-bowls from the bones of
man,

And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull
By drinking whiskey from a loyal skull,—
But let us guard, till this sad war shall cease
(God grant it soon!) the graceful arts of peace:
No foes are conquered who the victors teach
Their vandal manners and barbaric speech.

And while, with hearts of thankfulness, we bear
Of the great common burden our full share,
Let none upbraid us that the waves entice
Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint device,
Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away
From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-day.

Thus, while the east-wind keen from Labrador
Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore
Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar
Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky
Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I try
To time a simple legend to the sounds
Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled
bounds,—

A song of breeze and billow, such as might
Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night
Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove
Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they love.
(So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay
On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,
And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that
rolled

Up the white sand-slopes flushed with ruddy
gold.)

Something it has—a flavor of the sea,
And the sea's freedom—which reminds of thee.
Its faded picture, dimly smiling down
From the blurred fresco of the ancient town,
I have not touched with warmer tints in vain,
If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one thought
from pain.

AMY WENTWORTH.

Her fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
Her thoughts are not of thee:
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath dim,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He perilled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smoothe for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!
Fair toast of all the town!—
The skipper's jerkin ill befits
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown,—
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
She walks the gallery-floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
By stormy Labrador!

The sweet-brier blooms on Kittery-side,
And green are Elliot's bowers;
Her garden is the pebbled beach,
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar
To see the white gulls fly,
His greeting from the Northern sea
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

IN MEMORIAM.

M. M. C.

MARCH 22d, 1861.

SLOW roll the hours that waft thee farther on,
My blessed one, from my desiring eyes!
The days of lonely loss have come, are gone,—
And as they go, still lonelier days arise,
Until the rounded year fulfils its destinies.

A year ago, thou wert the gentle light
And happy centre of an earthly home;
Though well-beloved, we deemed thee not too
bright

To grace awhile our pathway wearisome:—
Our dull ears heard no angel whisper, "Sister,
come!"

Thy blue eyes smiled and yearned, a year ago;
Thy softly veiling curls, of hazel shine,
Fled down thy brow in radiant overflow,
Their halo half foreshadowing thy divine,—
And round thy neck were dimpled clasplings
infantune.

Aye! one brief year ago, thy children came,
And grasped thy robe, and drew thy kisses
down,
And lightly carolled "Mother!" holy name,
That on thy fair head set its queenliest crown,
O lowly laid! and fast these grieving tears
rain down.

A year ago, we saw thy large eyes veil
In that pathetic sleep which knows no day,
And purely sculptured—sacred, still and pale—
We hid thee in thy dreamless rest away;—
Our Eden-bird had flown from that enchanted
clay.

Now thou art blessed in some celestial air,
Whose calm effulgence floods the jasper sea;
Safe art thou harbored in the haven where
Thy chastened spirit long desired to be;—
Storms sweep no more, nor billows bound for
thee.

I know 'tis surely so—heaven's splendors rise
From thy dissolving tabernacle's wrack;
O might they flash in vision on these eyes!
My faith is frail to trace thy shining track;
I only miss thy shining *smile*, and wish thee
back.

O how I miss thee! Evening never falls,
Nor morning springeth with its minstrelsy,
Nor importuning night-wind ever calls
From airy deep to deep, but calleth thee;
And still the *Where, O where!* floats unavail-
ingly.

O might I sit once more by thy dear side,
And take thy hand, and smooth thy ten-
drilled hair,
And search thy face, my sweetest, bluest-eyed,
And read thy soul, shined luminously there,
My burdened heart would lightlier lift its
cross and care.

When shall it be? O lost beloved one, say!
How many trailing seasons shall it be
Before I tread with thee the sphyry way,
And the deep things we talked of, scan with
thee,
Drinking the morning stars' triumphal sym-
phony?

I may not know. The golden time is set
In some sure day beyond my narrow ken,
And though I wait a little longer yet,
It will inevitably come, and then,
The veil withdrawn, I shall behold thee,
Sweet! again.

Illinois.

J. R. M.

—*Church Journal.*

CHAPTER XV. A MEETING.

STOWE STREET is one of those numerous parallel "no thoroughfares" which pierce the Strand crosswise, and leading down to the banks of the river, arrive at a sudden termination of close iron railings. Passing along the Strand, glimpses of the Thames are every now and then to be caught by means of these streets as through crannies in a wall. One might almost fancy that a colossal panorama of the river had been cut into transverse slips, and pasted up here and there to break the monotonous line of houses. A slight dash of water and sky crossing pleasantly, now and then, an endless warp of bricks and mortar—a savory morsel of an unwieldy and disproportioned sandwich—soothing to the eye, though the heaven may be lead-colored and the wavelets opaque, and the freight they float no better than shapeless barges with brown patched sails, carried up by the tide, or gross blunt-edged lighters "zedding" along, careless what they bump against, like strong drunken men; or lively little steamers, that dart about like tadpoles, and make so much noise and carry so many, and all for so small a charge.

London is more thoroughly partitioned into *quarters* than is demonstrable by maps; or than many people imagine. These purblind defiles, hemmed in between a silent and a particularly loud highway, may be said to be set apart for the open-air performances of barrel-organs, Punch and Judy, the street conjuror, the versatile monkey who plays the fiddle and goes through the musketry exercise with equal ability, the acrobats: and for the residence of many lodgers of semi-respectable and not expensive habits. The neighborhood is thickly populated: it contains few shops, but several offices, in which vague professions are carried on. The tenants generally are inclined to be mysterious as to their occupation; they all carry street-door keys, are partial to late suppers of a shell-fish character, never clean their windows, and invariably evade the income-tax collector.

It was noon when Wilford knocked at the door of No. 67 Stowe Street. It seemed almost as though such a proceeding were quite out of rule. He was detained some time on the step; yet he could plainly hear the noise of persons moving about in the passage. Windows were thrown up and

heads projected, and he was probably inspected by the residents in different parts of the house. The door was at length opened by a short, broad servant—"servant gal" perhaps conveys the most complete notion of her—warm, moist, and not clean looking, always busy holding on to her rough head a whitey-brown cap, which seemed to be endowed with some volatile attribute, and was constantly flying behind or soaring above away from her; with muscular red chapped arms, and a dirty lilac print dress, the seams of which had parted in various places subjected to special tension, and (of course) black stockings, open at the heels, casing legs of substance ankles of power rather than grace. She had always a scared wild way with her. She tacked and tumbled along a good deal, leaving in her progress the marks of black hands upon walls and doors, and banisters; and when asked questions, had a way of lowering her head menacingly, as though she were about to butt at or to toss her questioner. These qualities allowed for, she was a hard-working, industrious, good-natured, and useful domestic, very valuable to No. 67 Stowe Street, and the dwellers therein. Her manner of fetching the beer from the public house at the corner, it may be particularly noted (and she was frequently out on such a mission, for her employers had a habit of requiring refreshment at almost impossible hours, and so to say, running the Acts of Parliament very fine indeed), was one of the most gallant and intrepid, as it was unquestionably one of the most rapid feats on record.

"Was Madame Boisfleury at home?"

The servant stared at Wilford through the half-opened door, lowering her head with doubtful intentions. She seemed to regard the inquiry as an innovation for which she was totally unprepared, and a reply to it as decidedly out of her range of duties, and to conquer with difficulty a strong impulse prompting her to slam to the door and hurry from the scene. Finally, she admitted the visitor to the door-mat—leaving him there stranded, as it were, on a desert island, "to go and see." She was sometime gone; meanwhile the visitor, quite unconsciously was the subject of considerable curiosity and contemplation on the part of several spectators resident in the house, who hung over the staircase in almost dangerous attitudes

the better to view. Finally the servant returned. Much talking and hurrying about, and banging of doors, had been heard in her absence. As in her ascent, so in her descent, she manifested an unchariness connected with the display of her hose, that, considering its want of repair, was decidedly remarkable.

"Madame was at home, on the second-floor—would he walk up?" He would—and he did. The servant thereupon left him to his own resources, and forthwith precipitated herself down the kitchen stairs with singular recklessness. But she laid stress on speed; and as she had found by experience that people often got down stairs more quickly by falling than by a more gradual and safer method, she elected as a rule the former procedure. It is true that to a bystander it looked a little like suicide; but if speed was gained, pray what did that matter?

The door of the front room on the second floor being open, Wilford entered there. He found himself alone. The room was so respectably furnished that one might have wondered, at a first glance, how it was the general effect was yet so shabby and comfortless. But a very little will give an awry look. The failing here was general untidiness; crooked blinds, tumbled curtains, draggled table-cover, littered mantelpiece, unswept hearth, dull grate, powdered with white ashes, nothing "put away," and every chair occupied by some book, or paper, or parcel, or article of dress; and one overriding notion as to how much better it would be if the windows could be left open for ever so short a time, and a little fresh air admitted into the place.

There was the rustling of a dress; a tall woman swept into the room.

Old and wrinkled evidently, in spite of her paint (white and red), her glossy false hair, kept in its place by a jewelled fillet, her pencilled eyebrows, her thousand-and-one toilette frauds upon Nature and Time. What a strange sinister look there was in the eyes of this woman!—so restless, yet so weak and mabid, glittering out of a tangle of wrinkles with the sort of ferret-red brilliance of sham-jewels. What hard ugly lines were carved round her features—not ill-formed, but ill-combined—resulting in an expression of treachery and cunning and cruelty!

The mouth especially, hard and coarse, and the teeth—greatly revealed when she spoke—large and ill-shapen, and especially bad in hue, thanks, perhaps to the contrast with the vivid artificial bloom in their neighborhood. She was attired in greasy black satin, with a handsome India shawl huddled upon her shoulders, probably to conceal the fact that the dress had been hastily assumed, and had not indeed been effectually fastened at the back. She made a low curtsy to her visitor as she closed the door after her, and advanced into the room. Her sly eyes passed rapidly over Wilford. She seemed to prolong her salutation for the express purpose of gaining time and thoroughly examining his looks and bearing, and satisfying herself thereupon. And she was evidently a little unnerved. Her hand shook as she stretched it forth; it was more decorated with jewelry than cleanliness; and her rings had a suspicious look about them. But this might be purely fancy. There are some hands upon which the best of gold appears like brass, and the purest diamond no better than paste.

"O Mr. Hadfield, this *is* kind," she said, in a hollow, drawling, carying tone of voice.

Either he did not really see or he purposely disregarded her outstretched hand. Certainly he did not take it, and she calmly withdrew it, but with no air of being offended. For some moments he was silent. He glanced at her, and then averted his eyes. He spoke at last in a low, constrained voice, with evident effort.

"Madame Pichot," he began.

"*Boisfleury*," she interrupted, holding up her hands with an imploring gesture, "will you oblige me so far? *Boisfleury*. There are reasons for the change. Not Pichot, thank you—*Boisfleury*. Will you bear that in mind?"

"The name matters little. *Boisfleury*, if you will. I have received your letter. You wished to see me. I am here."

"But why this tone?" she asked, affectedly, her head on one side, and a dreadful smile upon her lips; "why so severe—so abrupt? This is not the Wilford Hadfield I remember years back. What a change! To think that we should meet like this!" She dabbed her eyes with a crumpled, soiled lace pocket-handkerchief.

"I think you forget how we parted," he said, coldly.

"But are we not friends?"

"Friends!" he repeated, scornfully.

"You are not kind to one you have known so long. You don't appear glad to see me." There was something sickening about her fawning, false manner.

"I am not glad to see you."

"You don't ask me how I am." She passed over his look of contempt for her, and added, "You don't ask after Regine—no, nor Alexis; he has grown quite a man, has Alexis. You don't know how useful he is to me. Perhaps I should not have seen you now but for Alexis."

"And your husband?" She trembled a little—the blood rushed to her face and heightened her rouge.

"Dominique is in Paris. He is not well; he is confined to his room; he is no longer so young as he has been. He is often ill now, and unable to go out, or he would be here now."

"And now, tell me—you have found me—I am here in consequence of your request,—What is your wish?"

"We are not to be friends, then? You seek to quarrel with me."

"What is it you want?" he said, harshly. Her manner changed—it became more brusque and abrupt. They had been standing hitherto.

"Let us sit down," she said. "Perhaps our conversation may be of some length. You desire to know why I sent to you?" He signified assent. "Well, it will not be hard to explain *that* to you—it would not be difficult for you, perhaps, to discover the reason without any explanation. Look around you—you see where we are living—you see the sort of neighborhood—the position we occupy—our manner of life. Is it the sort of sphere in which *I* ought to move, or Regine, or Alexis?"

"I have known you in a humbler one," he remarked. The words angered her. "You were not always Madame Boisfleury nor even Pichot. You are English born—of obscure parents. Years ago, when you were—"

"Enough!" she cried, almost fiercely. "Is it a fit position for Alexis—for Regine? Do you know what she is doing to earn her

livelihood? Do you know to what an occupation she has been compelled to stoop?"

She tossed over a thin printed paper which she took from the mantel-shelf. He glanced at the paper, then folded it, and put it in his pocket.

"I am glad it is even so honest as this," he said, calmly; "for, after all, this *may* be honest."

His quiet manner, whether genuine or affected, ruffled the woman.

"If you will not gather my object from what I have said already, if you will not guess it by the aid of your memory as to what has happened in the past, I will tell you my meaning in plain words." She struck the table smartly with her closed hand. "*I want money.*"

"I imagined as much."

"And I *will* have it."

"You will *not*. For a sufficient reason—I have none. Years ago I gave all I had. You may remember the conditions—my presence here, at your request, is a breach of them."

"You have been unmolested for a long while; application would not be made to you now were it not inevitable. I am in debt. I am much in want of money. I am speaking only in my own name, but I might comprise others in my remarks—money must be had. To whom should I apply for it, if not to you?"

"You misunderstand my position. You are unacquainted with the plain facts of the case."

"Pardon me, that is not so."

"The situation of the Wilford Hadfield whom you knew years ago, and of the man who now stands before you are widely different."

"Pardon me, I say again. Perhaps I am better acquainted with the real facts of the case than you think. Your father is dead. He died nearly three years ago. I saw the notice in the newspapers. By his death—"

"By his death I was not—am not—one sou the richer."

"I know it, Mr. Wilford; he bequeathed the whole of his property to his younger son, and cast you off. Why—*you* best know."

"Then with these facts before you—though how you became acquainted with them I know not—"

"Bah!" she interrupted, rudely, "there need be no mystery in the matter on my part. Wills can be read at Doctors' Commons for a shilling; and to make sure, I travelled down to Grilling Abbots."

"You did?" he cried, frowning.

"I did. Why should I not? Is not the place free to all the world? There are no passports in this country. What was to hinder my going there—with Alexis, my son—to stop at the George Inn, for a little holiday and change of air? Who was to recognize me? I was not there as Madame Pichot; nor Madame Boisfleury neither, for that matter. Why should I not go to see all the show places in the neighborhood—the castle at Mowle, the druidical remains at Chingley, the Norman church at Grilling Abbots—yes, and the picture gallery at the Grange?"

What a hateful sneer was on her face as she ran through this list!

"You went to the Grange?"

"Yes. Why not? Mr. Stephen Hadfield is liberal; he throws open his house for inspection two days in the week, the visitor producing his card, or procuring a ticket from Mr. Joyce of the George Inn. Why should I not go over the Grange? Though I knew every inch of it years ago; many years now. Well, the people talk in that neighborhood just as much as they used to talk in the old time. The servants talk at the Grange, the frequenters of the George talk, all Grilling Abbots talks. I soon learned that you had been disinherited."

"Well, did that satisfy you?"

But she did not heed the question.

"And I learned that Mr. Stephen was master of the Grange, and I saw him often about the place, with his wife and children—quite a family party. A nice, amiable-looking gentleman, and every one said that he was as good and nice and amiable as he looked; and that he was very sorry that his brother had quitted the Grange; that he would have given him anything to remain, would give him anything now—no matter what; that there was no quarrel between the brothers; and that Mr. Wilford might still have half the estates, even, if he chose."

"They told you this?"

"Yes."

"Did they tell you, also, that I had

refused these things a dozen times—that I had determined that the will should be carried out in its integrity—and that not one halfpenny of my father's money should find its way into my pocket? Did they tell you that also?"

"They did."

"Well?"

"And I did not believe it."

"Why not?"

"Because I knew the time might arrive when you would be glad to dip your hand into your brother's purse willingly proffered. And I was right. The time has arrived now. If you have not the money we need, you will obtain it from Mr. Stephen Hadfield of the Grange, your younger brother."

"You are wrong."

He rose with a determined air, as though to end the interview. He took his hat.

"You are wrong, Madame Boisfleury. As I said at first, I have no money. I am a poor man; I work for my bread; I am quite unable to assist you, if I were even willing so to do, and I am not."

"This is hasty conduct, Mr. Wilford; you will think better of it."

"Undeceive yourself."

There was a slight pause. Then the woman resumed:

"I heard other things at Grilling Abbots—strange things they were, too, and very new to me—very new indeed. You were ill at one time, it seems; so ill that you were quite given over; no one expected that you would ever recover. Meanwhile you were a visitor beneath the roof of the doctor at Grilling Abbots—Mr. Fuller, who resides in the pretty white cottage at the end of the town."

She stopped, looking at him with a strange meaning in her red, restless eyes.

"Well?" Wilford said, rather faintly.

"You recovered, thanks to the care of the doctor, and the nursing of his daughters."

He trembled visibly, looking askance as she said this.

"You were very grateful for his and their zeal, were you not? It was necessary to do something in proof of your gratitude, was it not? So perhaps, for that reason, you made love to the eldest daughter—offered her your hand in marriage, made her your wife. Was that the reason?"

He made no answer; he was breathing

heavily, his hands shaking as with palsy, his face pale as death.

"Violet Fuller," the woman went on. "I saw her name in the register of marriages in Grilling Abbots Church. I asked to see the book, and they showed it to me. I saw her signature—'Violet Fuller'—and yours—'Wilford Hadfield'—written boldly and plainly enough; and her father and her sister—they too signed the book—the witnesses, I suppose. Oh, it was very complete; and very interesting."

She stopped again, glancing at him as though she expected him to speak. But he made no attempt to do so; he kept his eyes steadily turned from her.

"Is not all this true?"

"It is true," he answered, in a low voice.

"Have you nothing to say about it?"

"Nothing," he replied, with a gasp.

"Perhaps you thought this would never come to my ears: that the whole thing would be kept secret and hushed up. You did not manage very well. You should not have had the wedding at Grilling Abbots; *that* was a mistake—a decided oversight. I give you credit for the way you have hid yourself in London. Yet an assumed name is an easy matter, and London is a very large place. I could not get your address at Grilling Abbots, nobody would tell me; probably, nobody knew except the members of your own family, and I could not well ask them. But Alexis is very clever if he once gets a clue. Give him a scent, and he'll follow it like a bloodhound. I learned that you had been publishing books—quite a celebrated author, I declare. I fancy Alexis found you out by tracking you from the publisher's to your lodgings in Freer Street. Is not that where you live? He has been on your heels for some days, following you like a dog. Oh, he is a faithful creature—a good boy is Alexis."

Still Wilford said nothing; he looked dazed and confused, like a man in a dream.

"I have not been to Freer Street myself; I have not yet called upon your wife."

"You will not go!" he cried, in a tone of acute suffering.

She paid no attention to him.

"Is she pretty, this wife of yours? this doctor's daughter? this Violet Fuller?—charming name, so romantic. And there's

a baby, too, isn't there? a son and heir! Dear me! how interesting."

"Woman," he said, "be silent. You will drive me mad."

She abandoned the air of banter she had assumed, and said in coarse, blunt tones:

"You will give me this money, then?"

"How much do you want?" he asked, feebly.

"A mere trifle—and when it is paid—"

"You will demand a further and a further sum; what security can I have that this demand will not be repeated?"

"What security can you have? I will give you my word."

"Bah!"

"I will take an oath."

"Your oath!"

"You can but have a promise. I will sign what papers you will; I will pledge myself to molest you no more."

"You pledged yourself to the same effect years ago. How have you kept your promise?"

"There has been no help for it. I have been in great trouble."

"Say what amount will satisfy you."

"Five thousand pounds."

"Five thousand pounds! It is not possible that I can give you such an amount."

"It is a mere trifle. I might have demanded double. Your brother is your banker. You have but to ask for the money to obtain it."

"I am not well," said Wilford, faintly.

"I grow giddy with all this talking. My head seems in a whirl. Give me time to think!"

"Certainly you shall have time to think. I am not ungenerous, nor unkind, nor forgetful of the past. I have no desire to quarrel. Will you take my hand now? It will be far better that we should remain friends as of old."

Again she stretched out her hand, while a smile full of malice and cruelty disturbed the rigid lines of her face. With an effort Wilford conquered a feeling of intense repugnance, and took her hand in his, holding it for a moment, and then dropping it.

"Yes, let us be friends," he said, in a low voice.

"And when will you let me know your decision? When will you come and see me

again?" She varied her inquiry with something of a return to her old fawning manner. "Shall we say to-morrow—at the same hour?"

"To-morrow. Be it so. I will be here." He stopped for a few moments, and then went on with an air of greater determination than he had evinced for some time during the interview. "But remember, if I pay this money—I say *if*—for at present I am undecided—"

She smiled grimly, bowing her head.

"You will understand that I do so because I desire that certain facts known to us only should not be revealed; because to learn of these things might be annoying and painful to others—not because I have any fears as to what the result of a revelation might be so far as I personally am concerned; I fear a disclosure only on account of its effects upon others. You understand me?"

"It is hardly necessary, I think," she answered, quietly, "for us to enter upon a question of this nature."

"And," he said, suddenly, "I have a condition to impose."

"A condition!" the woman repeated, frowning.

"I will do nothing until I have seen Regine."

"Certainly. You shall see Regine; not now, however—indeed, she is not here now."

"But to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, if you desire it."

Without another word he passed out, pale, perplexed, lost in thought. Almost mechanically he walked along the Strand, blind and deaf to all surrounding sights and sounds, in the direction of the Temple.

Madame Boisfleury stood for some moments with an air of reflection. Then she smiled, rubbing her hands. There was quite a metallic sound about the last-named proceeding, from the clinking together of her rings. She looked at her old, furrowed, painted face in the glass with an air of intense satisfaction, adjusting the folds of her soiled blonde cap, rectifying the tangled, shrivelled, artificial flowers. Then she went out, and knocked at the door of the adjoining apartment.

"Who's there?" said a woman's voice, loud, but not unpleasing, with a slightly foreign accent.

"Regine," answered Madame Boisfleury, in a low tone, "it's only *me*. Let me in. I've seen him. I think all will go well. I have much to tell you."

"Don't trouble yourself. My ear was at the keyhole. I heard all!"

"Open the door, at any rate," said Madame Boisfleury, rather angrily. "I want my dress hooked."

CHAP. XVI. PUTTING A CASE.

WILFORD hurriedly entered Martin's chambers in the Temple.

"Well, old friend," cried Martin, in a cheerful tone. "You're better this morning. Let me hear you say so first of all. Tell me you've slept soundly, have got over all faintness and giddiness, and are now yourself again."

Wilford seemed not to hear his friend's inquiries. He flung himself into a chair, wiping his forehead and gazing round him abstractedly.

"Thank God!" he said, hoarsely, "I am here again! I can breathe freely now. I feel as though I had been poisoned: inhaling infected air. I have been half-stifled, I believe—half-mad, perhaps. There's warrant for that even!" and he laughed wildly.

"What is the matter, Wil?" asked Martin, looking at him curiously, suspiciously. Wilford made no answer; he was rolling his head from side to side in the easy chair, swaying about restlessly, his fingers fidgeting, twisting together. A thought occurred to Martin.

"You're not followed?" he said.

"Followed!" Wilford repeated with a start. "I never thought of that! Yet the thing *may* be; nay, is likely enough—more than likely. They may have set a watch upon me again. He may have tracked me here, even. Heaven! They may come to *you*, Martin."

"One moment. We'll take care of that."

Martin left the room. He closed the outer door of his chambers. There was a strange expression upon his face as he did this. "How dreadful!" he muttered, "if he should be going mad!" and he turned quite pale. Speedily, however, he regained command of himself. He had full possession of his old, calm, pleasant manner when he re-entered his room, and said with a laugh—

"Now our foes may do their worst! We are closed in here, against the world. A man's house is his castle. We'll make the same rule apply to chambers. Now, Wil, make yourself at home; rest yourself, get on to that sofa, and lie full-length if you like; it is not long enough, I grant, that sofa; but we can annex a chair, and adapt the thing to your lordship's grand proportions. Compose yourself, and take a cigar; a smoke in the morning is wonderfully soothing, only the tobacco shouldn't be too strong, and you shouldn't smoke too much of it; these cigars are just the thing, beautifully mild, and yet with a good flavor. Have one: that's right, there's a dear old boy; and don't be in a hurry to talk. We've got the whole day before us, and the night, too, for that matter. You'll be all the better for being quiet a little. I can see that."

Martin's pleasant toned voice, and quiet, winning way—half playful, half serious—had all the tranquilizing effects he contemplated they should have upon his friend. Wilford was soon stretched upon the sofa, holding a lighted cigar to his lips. He had yielded to the plan which treated him almost as an invalid. Indeed, Martin's tone, while it was undoubtedly considerate and tender, had yet in it an authority and decision which did not admit of denial, and Wilford was hardly conscious himself how immediately he had given way to Martin's will.

"I am afraid I trouble you greatly, Martin, coming in here at this hour of the day, lounging and smoking, and making both of us idle."

"Don't talk of such a thing. Do you fancy that idleness isn't pleasant? Do you think one isn't very glad of an excuse for doing nothing? You're not inconveniencing me. For publishers and printers I don't feel called upon to answer. And why should I trouble myself about their affairs? They don't give me a share in their profits. I wish they did."

"But I am really keeping you from work."

"And I am really grateful to you for doing so. There, have I said enough? In truth I am in no humor for work to-day. I got up with a positive loathing for pens, ink, and paper, and I was nearly invoking a curse upon Caxton for inventing printing. Unreasonable, of course, since I get my liv-

ing by it. But I can't work this morning. I'm like King Richard, 'not in the vein,' especially as you have dropped in for a chat."

"I feel that you are only saying all this out of kindness for me, Martin."

"Well, and suppose that is so," said Martin, laughing, "you ought to be polite enough not to see it! Are you going about inquiring into the reality and soundness of men's virtues and good qualities generally? Are you going to return a verdict that mine are all hollow and sham? Let us say that I was going to be busy this morning; do you account me such a curmudgeon of my time that I cannot give some of it up—all if need be—to you, or any friend that may make a call upon it? Nonsense, Wil. Business may go—where it likes. You've come for a long talk, and I'm very glad of it; the longer the better; my time's yours, and always shall be. There are very few things I've got to give away, but I have *that*. And now—by degrees, mind, and without the slightest hurry—for indeed there's no occasion for it—you shall tell me all about yourself, and how *you* are, and how Mrs. Wilford is, and how little Master Wilford is, and what may be the latest nursery revelation with regard to him. Now, sir, that's the programme. Smoke your cigar, gently and cosily, and begin when and where you like."

"You don't know how much good it does me to hear you talk like this, Martin."

"I intend it to do you some good."

"For, indeed, I have need of kindness. I am placed in a position of extreme pain. I hardly know which way to turn; what to do. I have every need of kindness and support, consideration and good counsel."

"Is this sanity?" Martin asked himself.

"I have been suffering torture of late. While I have much, I know, to thank myself for, I yet seem to be the victim of a conspiracy—of, indeed, absolute persecution on the part of others."

"Surely this is monomania!" Martin murmured.

"I have much to tell you, and yet I have a difficulty in beginning."

"The difficulty has been felt by others—it is always difficult to begin. But the difficulty is half imaginary. It doesn't really matter; begin anywhere; take up what

thread you will of the story, we'll weave all into shape and meaning afterwards."

Wilford paused a few moments, lost in thought.

"Martin," he said at length, "a man is guilty of many follies in the course of his life."

"I have not a word to say against that proposition."

"Especially in his youth."

"Especially in his youth," Martin assented.

"Follies—sins—"

"The terms are almost convertible."

"Which he would not wish to be known to the rest of the world."

"Few biographies can afford to be really, wholly truthful. We can't print everything as it stands in the original manuscript. There must always be editing and revising, which mean altering and suppressing, if only on the public's account."

"Probably, Martin, you would not wish that the whole of *your* life should be known to all?"

"Certainly, Wil, I should not; though it may be that I am no worse than my neighbors. But I concede that I am not an angel, and that the whole of my life has not been conducted upon angelic principles. It is only to say that I am a man, to signify that I have been and am, for that matter, periodically a fool. We can only hope to grow wiser and better as we grow older. Most men of our age can cordially acquiesce in the axiom, that at twenty-one we were all decided fools: it would be a matter of congratulation if we could be quite sure that we are less foolish now than we were then. But to what is this philosophical inquiry to lead us?"

"And the reason for this desire for concealment," Wilford went on, without remark upon the question, "is not because disclosure would make one seem less worthy in the eyes of others? Because one would by it forfeit much of the esteem and regard of one's family and friends?"

"Certainly those are good motives for concealment."

"And especially of the concealment of—"

Wilford paused, as though in search of a word.

"Let us say 'indiscretions,'" suggested Martin. "The word is a mild one, but soci-

ety has agreed that it shall, if need be, bear a strong and wide significance."

"Of the concealment of indiscretions from the knowledge of one's wife."

Martin started a little at this. He abandoned the tone of banter in which he had been inclined to treat the conversation as far as it had hitherto gone.

"It seems to me, Wil," he said, seriously, "that the fewer things one conceals from the knowledge of one's wife, the better."

He waited for a moment or two, and then resumed, rather sadly.

"I can only offer you bachelor counsel, my friend. It is possible that I may be wrong—unworldly and unwise. It is difficult for the unmarried to set up their idealities against the realities of the married. It has not been given to me to know the happiness of marriage—possibly it never will be given to me. I can only base my judgment, therefore, upon fancy. It seems to me that if Heaven had been pleased to give me a wife, I should not seek to appear to her other than I really am. I should not care to be perpetually playing a part before her. I should like her to know me thoroughly, and both the good and evil that may be in me. Certainly, I would hide little from her. Yet I should hope, upon the whole, to merit her love and to win it, not by a trick or a concealment, but by truth and honesty. I should hope that, after allowance was made for the bad, a residuum of good would yet remain, sufficient to justify her affection in the past and in the present, as I know that my whole conduct should be framed to deserve and hold her love and her trust in the future. But this may be folly. A man cannot give practical advice upon subjects with which he has no practical acquaintance. So again, I ask, why are we drifting into these new topics?"

Wilford did not answer. He moved about uneasily. He drew hard at his cigar; but it had gone out, and he flung it into the grate. He passed his hand across his forehead.

"Let us put a case," he said.

"Certainly," Martin answered, adding, in a low voice, "'putting a case' sounds less committing than 'making a confession,' but it amounts to much the same thing. Yet a veil is a veil, no matter how flimsy it may be. Let us hear your case, Wil," he said aloud.

Wilford rose from the sofa, and walked up and down the room several times with a very disturbed air. He stopped short, suddenly.

"Let us put, then," he said, "the case of a man who"—but he was unable to continue. He walked to the window. "No, Martin," he resumed at length, "I can't talk to you in that sham way. The case I want to put is my own. Let me say so plainly. I have a story to tell—a very painful one. Let me ask, in beginning it, your forbearance, your sympathy, your pity."

"Surely, Wil," said Martin, kindly.

"I ask this, because I fear that in my conduct you may find much to condemn. I must tell you this story, Martin; and yet I dread lest, having told it, I shall forfeit your esteem—lest I should incur your censure. You don't know how hard that would be to bear. You cannot think, Martin, how cruelly the loss of such a good, proved friend as you have been, would fall upon me now."

"But you exaggerate, Wil. You know—you must be sure—that what you dread is barely possible."

"Listen, then. We parted as schoolboys, to meet again as men. A long interval was thus passed, in which we were unknown to each other—an interval of many years, and not the least important years of life. We have given to each other the broad outline of the manner of our lives during that time. With that general account we have been satisfied; indeed the matter seemed to be hardly worth deep inquiry, or dwelling upon, or returning to. Perhaps we have been too busy with the present and the future to interest ourselves very greatly in the past. A brief sketch of the interval, and we were both ready enough to resume our old friendship, and place it on a basis not less strong, and true, and sure than it was years ago.

"This, however, you *did* know. That many of the years passed by you at the university had been spent by me out of England. That my absence resulted in a great measure from a serious disagreement with my father. That I returned home at last upon the receipt of intelligence that he was dangerously ill. That I arrived in time to see him—but unavailingly. I was denounced as a prodigal son; I was unforgiven—disinherited. The estates were left to my brother. In due time I came to London—relinquished

my name—found you in the Temple—married. So far my history to the present time, as it is known to you. But it is important that I should take it up at a much earlier date."

After a slight pause, he resumed.

"You have heard me speak of my uncle, Colonel Hugh Hadfield?"

"I remember to have heard you mention his name. I have little recollection of anything else concerning him."

"He was my father's junior by some few years. He had passed a considerable portion of his life in India. He retired from the service possessed of a large fortune. The brothers had seen very little of each other, and were not particularly good friends; indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, they had lived apart for so long. But some few months of the year my uncle always spent at the Grange. He occupied, too, a handsome town house in Harley Street. During the winter he resided generally at Paris. He was something of an invalid. His constitution had been much tried by the climate, I fancy, and probably by other causes. He had nothing of that robust appearance my father retained almost to the last; he looked much older, was very thin and bent. I first recollect him—and I must have been then quite a child—walking about the grounds of the Grange in the summer time, dressed in very light-colored clothes; on his head a large straw hat, bound round with muslin many times folded. I know his appearance used to strike me as very strange—his skin was so yellow, his eyes so fierce and rolling, his eyebrows so jet-black, although his crumpled hair was as white as snow. He was incessantly smoking; drinking cold brandy-and-water; very imperious and violent in his manner; with a habit of swearing hard at everything and everybody. Yet he was kind too, in his way, to my brother and myself. I believe I was especially a favorite of his; possibly because I was the eldest son. He was always making us presents: now, of all sorts of Indian toys; now, of costly articles of jewelry; now, he would stand us in the corners of the room while he flung guineas to us. We were to keep all we could catch, and he would swear at us, and threaten to thrash us well, if we missed any. He was well known at Grilling Abbots, and popular there—and no wonder;

his purse was at everybody's service; and although his manner was formidable, he did many kindnesses to the people about, and they couldn't help liking him even while they feared him. Indeed, he died during one of his visits to the Grange, and was buried in the family mausoleum—unfeignedly regretted, I do believe.

"You may remember of old that I had the reputation of being a spoilt child—and there was good reason for it—I was over-indulged; my slightest whims were humored. My father and my uncle joined in this; and especially if my inclination took the form of a precocious manliness. My first ten-pound note was earned by my taking my pony over a gate in very reckless fashion, nearly breaking my neck and the pony's too. But the two old gentlemen were loud in their applause; my uncle especially. I was encouraged to be daring, madcap, domineering. They only laughed at me when my temper, upon some petty provocation, broke all bounds, and left me storming with passion. I was never checked, never prompted to place restraint upon myself. You may remember what trouble this brought upon me at school—the incessant squabbles and difficulties and fights I was ever in. Of course all this would have been ordered otherwise had my mother's life been spared; but, as you know, she was taken from us not long after Stephen's birth.

"Though upon this subject my father and my uncle were agreed, there were others upon which they differed greatly. My uncle's visits to the Grange, though they were renewed year by year, generally terminated abruptly and unpleasantly. Some trivial difference of opinion would at last grow into an open quarrel, and the Colonel would suddenly take his departure, vowing that he would never again set foot within the Grange. This happened frequently; but he returned at a stated period to pay another visit. In fact, the brothers agreed better at a distance; they had been too long apart to know really much of each other; they knew not how to make allowance for each other's peculiarities of disposition and frame of mind and habits of thought. Their intimacy had no better foundation than the fact of their relationship; it was not made real and natural by the existence of friendship between them. They met because they were

brothers—but for that fact there was nothing to bring them together; and it was not sufficient to form a ground for permanent union, especially as it was backed up by no kind of liking or sympathy. Probably each thought the other unreasonably prejudiced and overbearing and angry upon small provocation, and my father, as the head of the house, may have been inclined to claim a recognition of his position to a greater extent than the Colonel, who had achieved his own fortune in his own way, owing little to his family, was disposed to allow. So they only tolerated each other; their fraternity hardly merited a more flattering description.

"One day—I forget the reason, if indeed I ever knew it—their periodical quarrel was more than usually violent and prolonged. My uncle left the Grange in a furious rage. I was accustomed to his angry departures, but I never remember one so stormy as this had been. And he took a long time to soften. The period for his return to us approached, but he showed little symptom of yielding. At last my father wrote formally to him requesting his usual visit. The Colonel replied courteously but firmly. He regretted that he should be compelled for the present to deny himself the pleasure of visiting his relations at the Grange; circumstances over which unfortunately he had no control demanded his presence in London. My father was seriously annoyed at this; however, he commanded himself sufficiently to enable him to write again to the Colonel, pressing him in the kindest way to return to the Grange. The Colonel again made answer in terms something similar to his first letter, but concluding with a request that, in his ability to visit the country, my father would permit that I should spend some weeks in Harley Street. With this evidence of his brother's good-will my father was obliged to be content. The terms of the compromise were accepted. I visited London in lieu of my uncle's return to the Grange.

"Looking back upon one's life, how many causes for regret there are arising out of circumstances apparently of a wholly accidental character! How many times I have sorrowed over that chance visit to London, that residence of some months in my uncle's house in Harley Street! For to that I seem to have cause to attribute all the troubles of my existence.

"You may conceive that my uncle was not a very well chosen monitor for a young man on his entrance into life. He had lived abroad very much; had acquired habits of thought much at variance with convention: had a contempt for the usages of society, especially if they came in contact at all with his manner of life, his tastes, and pursuits; and, worse than this, he entertained certain convictions which came down to him possibly from a past age, from a less refined system of civilization. He clung to old-world ideas upon knowledge of the world; comprehending in that, as an important part, knowledge of sin. Many before him have held a like opinion. He thought it desirable that youth should study both good and evil. That virtue, if it was to be attained at all, should be attained by wading through vice; as if it were necessary to drain wickedness to the dregs in order to know the taste of it. I feel a sort of shame in seeming to find an excuse for myself in blaming an old man who is dead, and who, whatever his faults, was certainly in intention kind to me. He never knew, I believe, the harm he was doing me; he never guessed the terrible harvest it would be mine to reap for all the seed he was then sowing. Let me dismiss the subject as briefly as I may. My visits to London—then commenced and frequently repeated afterwards—were of great misfortune to me, if only because they aggravated all the bad points of my character. Judge yourself what was likely to be the result of educating to such views of life a high-spirited country-bred boy with ready-developed tendencies to mischief; of encouraging him to such knowledge of the world as I have hinted at; of applauding him when, with his young, crimson, earnest face, he bent over the gaming-table and tried not to pale when his money was swept away from him, it being a gentleman's duty not to flinch at such dispensations of Fortune, or when he never missed the wine in its circuit of the table, and, staggering and noisy, was, as a consequence, led away at last, to bed by the servants.

"You may think that I have no pleasure in this relation, Martin, but it is necessary that you should be informed in some detail of the manner in which the interval of our separation was passed.

"My uncle's household was a curious one

—ill-regulated as his own habits. To the usual mismanagement of a bachelor's house was superadded complication arising from the fact of his long residence abroad. On his first arrival in England he had been accompanied by several native servants. These, however, he had one by one sent back to India, with one exception. He still retained in his service, fulfilling the duties of a valet, a half-caste, who had been many years with him. This man, born at Pondicherry—his father a Frenchman—was very useful to my uncle—knew all his ways, accompanied him wherever he went, assisted him to dress, wrote letters for him, even cooked for him appetizing Indian dishes,—when his health failed him, and no other efforts could satisfy his palate. So when the other servants were dismissed, Dominique Pichot was still retained. A docile, faithful, attached creature, as my uncle was of opinion until the last; a subtle, treacherous scoundrel, as I have good reason to know.

"The housekeeper was an Englishwoman, a Mrs. Corder. She, also, had been many years in my uncle's service—the widow, I fancy, of a soldier of his regiment who had been for some time his servant in India, and had died there. But of this I am not certain. She was a woman of low origin, who had compensated for her want of education by a certain quickness and cunning. She had no sort of scruple, was very grasping and ambitious, and by some means had acquired considerable influence over my uncle. She was very vain, though she must have been nearly fifty when I first saw her; but by artificial means she contrived to look considerably younger. She was very fond of dress, was selfish, avaricious, mean, wily, altogether despicable, but that her manner had about it something I then thought winning, and that her power in the household was almost absolute. She affected to welcome me cordially to my uncle's house, urged the frequent repetition of my visits, while yet I believe she entertained great fears lest my uncle's friendship for me should extend to his constituting me the sole heir to his fortune. It was soon evident to me that a certain understanding existed between this Mrs. Corder and Pichot, but the nature or object of this was not at the time intelligible to me.

"It is not to be supposed that, boy as I

was, my uncle cared for me to be continually with him during my residence in Harley Street. He had frequent engagements, was often at the club, or in the society of his friends—for the most part retired officers whom he had known in India. I was thus left much alone. It was some relief from the dulness of that large empty house to seek the company of Pichot or of the housekeeper. They were only too happy to be of use to me. Let it be understood that I was likely to unlearn none of my uncle's lessons from these associates. They were utterly depraved. I blush now to think of the gross adulations they lavished upon me, the coarse compliments which then gave me pleasure, and won for these creatures my regard. They were only too happy to aid me in my search after knowledge of the world. Sin could hardly have had more accomplished coadjutors. They vied with each other in flattering and pampering me,—in seeking to serve me in any way, no matter how shameful.

"One object of their servility at length became known to me. It appeared that they had been long secretly married; that during one of my uncle's absences from London a child had been born of their union—a boy, who was already some years old, and whom they had christened Alexis. Pichot had always accompanied my uncle on his visits to the Grange, but it was not until his last visit that Mrs. Corder had also gone with him. His health was then very feeble, and he required a constant nurse, and during his last illness, and a short time previous to his death at the Grange, the housekeeper—then known as Madame Pichot—was sent for to attend to her master.

"I undertook, by their desire, to reveal to my uncle the fact of this marriage, to intercede for them, and to obtain his forgiveness. The task was not an easy one. My uncle, himself a bachelor, had been prone to make matrimony ever a special subject for railery and satire (perhaps after the habit of the unmarried). When informed of the fact he was furious, vowed he would never see either of them again, that they should both quit the house instantly, and abused me roundly for undertaking to advocate their cause. Calmly these people appeared to bow to his orders; they prepared to depart, with yet I believe a full intention to remain. I was afraid I had injured their position by my unsuccessful eloquence. They only laughed when I expressed these fears. Probably they knew my uncle better than I did. The housekeeper availed herself of an opportunity to see him. They had a long and violent conversation. It seemed to me that a sort of compact had been concluded between them.

"Madame Pichot informed me that, with her husband, she was to continue in my uncle's service. More than this, that the child was to be permitted to reside in my uncle's house, provided it never made its presence known, either to his eyes or his ears. Further, she informed me that the marriage was at an earlier date than I had imagined, and that there existed a child some years older than Alexis, a girl—very nearly of my own age—whose name was Regine Stephanie Pichot, and that *she*, also, would shortly appear at the house in Harley Street."

A loud thump on the outer door of Martin's chambers here disturbed Wilford in his narrative.

PHYSICIANS IN STAYS.—The question as to the competency of the softer sex to receive the diploma of doctor of medicine has been decided by the Edinburgh College of Physicians, in a majority of eighteen to sixteen, against the ladies. We are glad the minority was so large, for we think it was in the right. There is no reason why a lady learned in medicine should be refused a doctor's degree. Nobody would be obliged to employ a medical woman in preference to a medical man. It is very true that it is necessary that a practitioner of medicine should be endowed with reflective faculties; but perhaps reason is not quite exclusively the pre-

rogative of man. One or two women could be named whose works exhibit undeniable evidences of some logical faculty, and judgment of causation. A female Harvey, or Sydenham, or Hunter, or Abernethy would possibly turn up, if the portals of medicine were not shut in her face.

On the principles of Free Trade, the Edinburgh College of Physicians should reconsider their ungallant, if not unphilosophical decision. We will not suppose that they are afraid of competition with old women, and apprehend that any diminution of their professional earnings would result from the concession of the liberty of taking fees to females.—*Punch*.

[The following article, from *The Christian Advocate and Journal*, (the organ of "The Methodist Episcopal Church, North") upon a late work by a Baptist minister whose praise is in all the churches,—will show the force and direction of the current upon which these great denominations, (and Northern people generally) are "drifting." We use the President's word, in its original application.]

DR. WILLIAMS—NATIONAL CRISIS.

We have just read a sermon on "God timing all National Changes in the Interests of his Christ." It is published by Sheldon and Co., and was delivered May 29, before the American Baptist Home Mission Society at its annual meeting in the city of Providence, R. I., by William R. Williams.

The venerable author of this sermon is a Baptist preacher—unquestionably one of the best writers, and, we have heard it said, the very best thinker of the New York pulpit. He is a man, too, of spotless character and deep devotion. Unfortunately his manner is bad, his voice feeble, and his health poor, so that he attracts ordinarily little or no attention. We went once to his church and found about a dozen hearers, and we were told that such was his usual congregation. After a prayer of great solemnity, he slowly and languidly uttered some rich thoughts on the uses of the divine law, founded, we believe, on 1 Tim. i. 8. He was not only without energy, but without animation. A seriousness almost morbid seemed to enwrap his spirit and render his countenance monkish. Now and then a great theme rouses him and he puts forth all his power.

The discourse before us bears on every page the marks of a master's hand. Its logic is clear and cogent, its sweep of thought is magnificent, and its rhetoric absolutely luscious, while its numerous apt, classical, and scriptural allusions show how familiar is the author's mind with the treasures of knowledge. The doctor has never, we think, been accused of meddling with politics, and has always been regarded as a conservative. How this class of ministers now speak on the subject of our crisis let the following extracts show:—

"The question now before the Christians of the North is, the acceptance or the rejection of slavery as a constituent element of their own northern communities. Shall bondage become, or not, tolerated and per-

manent among themselves at the base of their own mountains, and in their own Atlantic seaports? As the entering wedge of the Ship Money decision, in Hampden's days, would, undisputed, have torn from Parliament the national purse, and so have made the crown independent of the people for revenues: even thus does the entering wedge of the Dred Scott decision lead, if accepted, to the tearing from the North of all her old anti-slavery safeguards, and it would give the slave-pen the hedge of law over every acre once fenced by Northern toil and blood, as a home for freedom over, and for freedom only. To such new adjustment of the question the answer should be prompt and clear. And the old precept of the Gospel, giving the preference to freedom, where the choice is ours to make, and bidding us to "USE IT RATHER," becomes now the law of the situation and the God-given summons of the hour.

"Rather than, by new compromises, and by unworthy submission to such judge-made law, when it is usurping on the old safeguards of freedom—rather than legitimize, under any pretext, and for any bribe, slavery over our whole territory to the Canadian line, beside our lakes, and over the passes of the Rocky Mountains to the Golden Gate—let the South, if it must, and if it can, with the red right hand overrun our coasts, and lay village and seaport in ashes. We would resist to the uttermost, and if overpowered and sacrificed, bequeath to our children the charge to flee, like the old Christians of Spain, to the mountains, and wage a war of centuries in the hope of returning at last to claim, not only our North thus devastated in the propagandism of bondage, but by just reprisals to occupy the entire borders of the propagandists also, from the Gulf to the Canadas, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as a home for unconditional and uncompromised freedom. But peace, on the new terms of the South, and with fresh compromises for her serfdom, never—never. To accept the unhealthy parasite of our institutions as the vital trunk—to proclaim normal and admirable what the fathers judged to be both exceptional and lamentable—to make bondage for the African the corner-stone of freedom for the Caucasian, is, in our solemn judgment, not merely treason against the memories of our Revolutionary fathers, but it is rebellion against the edict of God. For such views of the African race lead to, and they will propagate, as they are even now propagating, denials of the Ethiop's humanity. But God made of one blood every nation. As said our prophet, Jeremiah, of that God, in the days of Israel's deep degradation and woe: 'To turn aside

the right of a man before the face of the Most High; to subvert a man in his cause the Lord approveth not.' When the seer of Anathoth handed yokes to Tyrian ambassadors, as the type of Chaldean rule; when for himself, in a low, miry dungeon, he put beneath his arm-pits the cords of Ebed-melech, the Ethiopian, the prophet held, as his solace and creed, this great truth of God's justice to man: and of God's ineffaceable, unappeasable protest against the subversion, by any man, of another man's cause, whether it were as invading emperor from the Euphrates, or as a raging mob and a proud aristocracy in the streets of his own Jerusalem. It is grievously 'to turn aside a man's right,' and it is fearfully 'to subvert a man in his cause,' when you impeach his right to himself, and to the wife of his youth, and to their own children—when you hide from his eyes the letters of God's book lest they become incendiary—and, most of all, when you jeer at his community of interest in the first Adam, the ancestor of us all. Shut a man in 'his cause,' and in the question of his manhood, from the first Adam, as no kin of his; dispute his right in the blood of the first tenants of Eden, and you 'subvert also his cause,' and impeach also his right in the second Adam, who, as the Lamb of God, taketh away the sin of the world. Blot his pedigree, if you can, without blotting also his passport to a better country, in that title which a Redeemer's blood sealed. That elder brother—was he exclusively, and by right of Caucasian caste, yours only? We know from the Evangelist that he accepted aid in bearing his cross to the pit-hole where they planted it, from a man of African home—Simon, the Cyrenian. Whether that helper's hue, as well as his home, were African, it matters not. If Ethiopia, 'stretching out her hand unto God,' had, in the veins of that hand, not the same human blood, of which the Incarnate Ransomer took in his humanity: then she stretches, far as salvation is concerned, that hand in vain to a barred Eden and an inaccessible, inexorable judge. Subvert the Ethiopian's, the African's, the negro's—word the name as you will—the black man's claim to a common blood and a common humanity with yourselves; and write with a grin before the skies, Sambo, cousin to the ape, and you have 'turned away his right' in the atonement, and 'subverted his cause' in the last judgment, and his citizenship in the New Jerusalem. Easily said is the scoff, when you consider its victim's disabilities and his accuser's advantages. It is an unequal combat. But if the taunt chance to call out a higher arbiter—what then? And Solomon warned us cen-

turies ago; 'Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker.' If Sambo's mocker finds himself confronted by Sambo's Maker, the inequality shifts to another side. The mortal scoffer is startled to find the puny lance of his jest hurtling upon the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler. And Sambo's Maker will answer your taunt, be assured. Will the sufferer on that Cross, and the occupant of that Judgment seat, and the King of that Paradise, calmly and mutely 'approve' your exclusiveness, and indorse your relegation of his ransomed ones to brutality and perdition? Paul, speaking by authority of his Master, told the Athenians, one of the superior castes, as they held themselves, of the proud Greek blood, that God had 'made of one blood all nations of men . . . on all the face of the earth.' Christianity repudiates this disparagement and subversion of the African's cause and right. He is your kinsman, for he is Christ's kin. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' know we not that soon we are to hear these words; and from whom and where?

And now what shall Christian, conservative men of the North do in regard to slavery in this strife? It was not a war of their seeking. They see their government in a struggle for its own preservation. Back of all statutes and counsellors lies, for man and for nations, the right of self-defence. To all his civil powers, our nation's first magistrate has now superadded the vast military powers with which he is constitutionally clad, in defending the nation's unity and life. How far he shall put forth that reserved fund of magisterial and military power, the South are, in one sense, themselves to be the judges. Far as the South resist a constitutional, national authority, by treason and armed rebellion, the longer their struggle, and the wider the range of our trampling hosts, the larger the number, by the mere inevitable force of events, of their bondmen released from bondage. Once thus enfranchised, it would be national infamy to restore them to the lash and manacle and slave cofle. Shall we deport them? Did Spain profit by her expulsion of the tawny Moor and the hunted Hebrew? Has France, yet febrile and convulsed, recovered from the bigot quackery which drew out of the viens of her art, trade, and literature, the old Huguenot life-blood? Has modern Scotland profited by the changes which expelled Highland clans from old ancestral regions to convert these into sheep-walks? In an age when British Christians and American Christians have just been fighting the good fight for the abolition of caste in

the Churches, which their missions planted in India, is it policy or piety to exasperate the law of caste on these shores, and convert our dusky tillers and toilers into the coolies of a cruel, enforced expatriation?

"Our government illustrates, in its present attitude toward the slave-holding States, not merely the intent and policy of the first framers of our Constitution, who would give, to freedom only, the honor of a name in their instrument, and as respects bondage, preserved a studied, regretful, significant silence; but that Government is also carrying forward the principle of the Gospel in its least offensive form, the principle that freedom, where attainable, is to be preferred to bondage. The President and both houses of Congress have virtually said again what the apostle, rating freedom as more desirable, said centuries since, "USE IT RATHER." They have proffered a large share out of the national treasure toward a compensated enfranchisement that should wipe out the fearful anomaly in our institutions, which, cancerous in its growth, was becoming preponderant in its influence, and if wrong to the enslaved, was certainly not harmless to the dominant race. Neither at the South, nor at the North, can it seem Christ-like, when a peaceful and compensated escape from the burdens of slavery is tendered, that men should undertake to reverse the decision of the Holy Ghost, and to apply to bondage the other alternative in the com-

parison, the language which the Holy Ghost applies to freedom. If we say, in face of Paul and of Paul's Master, of the bondage, 'USE IT RATHER,' Messiah's polity is not likely to swerve at our will. 'He is in one mind, and who can turn him?' And if with the freedom made feasible, by God's providence in our national changes, and commended as the more desirable by God's word, whensoever it is feasible, we dispute the desirableness, and spurn the feasibility, it may be found that the God of Sinai, who of old commanded the love of our brother, has not fallen asleep upon his own rusted thunderbolts, and that Paul's glorified Master, king over all earth's potentates, is not ready to accord to any of his people the privilege of revising his edicts, and will scarcely let his blessing be read backward into a witch's curse. As to the plea that slavery is now found to be the guardian principle of liberty, in the Christianity of the nineteenth century, it is as if the old Hebrew, instead of the paschal blood besprinkled on the door-posts, had expected to find the required security in rubbing into the wood the scurf of the hereditary leprosy of some hapless Gehazi. The wing of the destroying angel of misrule is not likely to be banned from the gates of the republic merely by showing there the nail-prints where the bondman's ear had been duly fastened to the sideposts.

ORGAN INTERLUDES.—Straws show which way the wind is blowing. Interludes are straws. The musical current tends strongly towards display; hence we find interludes flying in the face of every devout sentiment, and putting our eyes out just when we are beginning to see.

"I don't agree with you about interludes," said Mr. Smith; "the singers need a rest between the verses."

"What do you think Smith says," said I to a Handel and Haydn Society man. "He says, 'the singers need to take breath between the verses.'"

"Nonsense!" said the Handel and Haydn man. "Just tell those singers that they haven't got breath enough to sing the choruses in our oratorios, a half an hour's matter or more, and see how they'll take it. Stuff! reasons are plenty as blackberries, when we want to follow our inclination. The fact is, a simple psalm tune proves nothing, except it be modesty, which isn't in demand; but a voluntary shows that I know a thing or two."

Queer thing! these voluntaries. I was thinking how funny it would be if they were adopted in prosaic, as well as in poetic speech. I call on my friend Smith, we'll say: "Good evening, Mr. Smith; well the current of events moves on; Gen. McClellan is approaching Richmond. (Interlude; I whistle 'Robin Adair.') Gen. Hunter's proclamation is making some stir. The President and his cabinet seem to be not well agreed about it. (Interlude; 'The Fine Old English Gentleman.') Fremont's position I don't well understand, nor why he and Banks don't form a coalition with McDowell. (Interlude; 'Flow gently sweet Afton.') The atrocities of the rebels in this war out-herod Herod! Who would have believed that slavery had eaten out every feeling of humanity! (Finale; 'Rockaway.')"

"That man's lost his wits," mutters Smith; "or is it a paralysis that he has to throw off by that whistling spasm? Ha, ha, ha! I declare, I do believe he thinks it's pretty!"—*Congregationalist.*

Correspondence of The Evening Post.
THE OLD ESTATES OF VIRGINIA.

Fishkill Landing, July 22, 1862.

SOME two years ago I had the pleasure (for it was a great one then) of visiting most of the great estates on the James River, which are now more or less occupied by our troops.

As many of these, like "Berkley" and "Westover," are now becoming familiar to Northern ears, and probably will be more or less destroyed by the occupation of our army, some details respecting them may not be uninteresting to your readers, as they have had the reputation of being the only remains of aristocracy left in this country. Most of them are over two hundred years old, built of brick brought from England, and certainly very different from anything I ever saw before at the North, and, with the exception of certain inconsistencies, more distinguished residences than any on the Hudson, or in the neighborhood of any of our large cities.

We were to proceed from Richmond down the river to Claremont, about eighty miles towards Norfolk, and then stop on our way back at all the great places between that and Richmond, viz: Upper and Lower Brandon, originally one immense estate, but now divided between two sons; Westover, where, as well as at Berkley, a portion of our army now lies; Shirley, or Shirley Hundreds, as it is more usually called, and Curl's Neck.

The river between Richmond and Claremont averages most of the way from one to two miles wide, and is beautifully wooded with very thick foliage, a good many willows and oaks, hollies thirty and forty feet high, and myrtles, such as we at the North grow in our green-houses. The banks of the river, I think, never rise higher than forty to sixty feet, and are generally much lower, so that they frequently permit a view of some of the old houses. Most of these old estates have docks, at which the steamer touches upon seeing a flag signaling to land or receive passengers.

THE RICH CLAREMONT ESTATES.

Having left Richmond at an early hour in the morning, it was nearly noon when we reached Claremont. This is the residence of Mr. William Allen, a young man of twenty-nine, who inherited it with his other plantation from his uncle. Mr. Allen owned

the following estates, all within thirty or forty miles, I think, from each other, and planted and employed as follows:—

	Acres.	Wheat.	Corn.	Deer p/1/2.
Claremont	17,000	1,700	2,000	7,000
King's Mill	2,000	800	1,000	200
Jamestown, island . .	1,700	600	500	400
Curl's Neck, the finest	4,320	2,000	1,000	500
	25,720	5,100	4,500	1,100

The 5,100 acres of wheat produced in 1860 thirty bushels to the acre. The 4,500 acres in corn yielded 135,000 bushels. Mr. Allen has also at Claremont, which is his principal residence, a railroad twelve miles long running through his estate, bringing wood to his dock to the amount of about 40,000 cords a year, upon which he received \$1.25 a cord for freight charges.

It is easy to calculate the income from these vast returns. The expenses, however, were proportionately large, for Mr. Allen had to pay the expenses of five or six overseers with large salaries, support eight hundred and twelve negroes, build and keep up eight or ten docks half as many miles, and also to keep in order twelve miles of rail and three engines.

In the river in front of his house were two yachts, the Breeze, a schooner of 106 tons, with a crew of eight hands and two cooks, all slaves; and also a small steam yacht, with three hands. In his stables were fifteen thorough-bred horses, and in his seven thousand acres of park, enclosed by a paling seven feet high, were several hundred deer, which he hunted twice a week in the season, with a pack of thirty hounds. The house was a rambling old brick mansion, built two hundred and thirty years ago, having no carpets save in the drawing-rooms. All the other rooms, both floors and sidewalks, were panelled in oak, black with age. The courtesy and hospitality with which we were entertained here, as well as at the other places I am about to mention, was well worthy of the ancient renown of Virginia in times gone by, never probably to return.

THE BRANDON ESTATE.

Brandon or Lower Brandon, as it is most usually called, was the next estate we visited—separated from Claremont by a little stream, and upon the same side. The house here is approached from the river through a broad grass vista, fifteen feet in width and a

quarter of a mile long—beautifully smooth and well kept, and thickly planted on either side with hollies, the evergreen magnolia and fringe trees; this vista or alley leading out to a regular, almost square lawn, of six acres, as level and smooth as a floor. It is two hundred years since it was laid down to grass.

The house or rather houses, for there are five of them of different stories, are built of very dark red English brick. The centre is constructed in the style of Professor Longfellow's house at Cambridge—well known as Washington's headquarters during our last Revolution—and the four wings are connected by a corridor of brick and round-headed windows. The wings are one story high and the centre two. The house, or rather group of houses, was two hundred feet long, two hundred and forty years old, and the estate consisted of twelve thousand acres. It was about thirteen miles in circumference, and produced in 1860 eighteen thousand bushels wheat and twelve thousand bushels corn, and was tilled by two hundred and fifty slaves.

The house itself, mostly covered with ivy, resembled, even more than the one at Claremont or Westover, an old English manor, as the windows were very small. The floors and walls, and even ceilings, here as at the other places, were of English oak, dark and rich with age. The hall, drawing and dining-rooms were very capacious and dignified, measuring thirty by twenty-five feet, and filled with the most charming portraits of the ancestors of the families and their friends. Among the portraits were those of the Earl of Egremont, Lord Peterborough, the Duke of Albemarle, and many of the beauties of those Virginia families in the old colonial times, painted in England (when presented at court) by Sir Peter Lily and Sir Godfrey Kneller. The gentlemen appear on the canvas in velvet and lace and long wigs; the ladies in the style of Copley's pictures in Boston, and Charles II.'s beauties at Hampton Court.

THE DOMAIN OF WESTOVER.

Westover, where our army now is, and perhaps, in some respects the most celebrated of all these fine old estates in its days, is eighteen miles above Brandon, on the opposite side of the river, and is now (or was in 1860), the residence of John A. Selden.

Like Brandon, it consists of a large centre house and two wings built of brick, but disconnected. The materials, as in the case of the other houses, were all brought from England two hundred and fifty years ago, and the halls, rooms, chambers, etc., are all of oak, panelled to the ceiling, which, in the principal rooms at Westover, are also thrown into panels by means of arabesque figures of *papier mache*. In the drawing-room here—called Lord Cornwallis' room, from the fact that that officer lived here for a month—is a very curious and ornate mantelpiece, extending from the floor to the ceiling, made of white marble inlaid with black in very grotesque figures and relief, with an oval mirror inserted half way up. It was ordered in Italy for this room by the celebrated Colonel Byrd, of Westover, the builder of the house, who was one of his Majesty's Privy Council, as well as commissioner for running the boundary line between North Carolina and Georgia.

A full-length portrait of Colonel Byrd at Brandon, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, represents him as a very handsome man in a long curling black wig and a puce-colored velvet coat. From his hair and gallantries he was known throughout the country as the "Black Swan." His son, who subsequently inherited Westover, was a Knight of the Garter and an aide to the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim. There is a full-length portrait, also by Sir Godfrey Kneller, at Brandon, with a miniature of Queen Anne upon his breast set in diamonds, and now, I believe, in the possession of the Harrison family.

Colonel Byrd's tomb, in white marble, about twelve feet high, very elaborate and ornate, but very much defaced by time, is in the garden, while at a greater distance from the house is the tomb of Miss Eveline Byrd, a daughter of the colonel and a great court beauty of her time, who was engaged to Lord Peterborough, but died young and unmarried.

A charming portrait (full length) of her, by Sir Peter Lily, is still at Brandon. The present estate at Westover is much smaller than it was in Colonel Byrd's time—being only twelve hundred acres.

THE SHIRLEY ESTATE.

About eight miles above Westover, on the same side of the river, is Shirley or Shirley

Hundreds—belonging to Mr. Hill Carter. This estate consists of three thousand acres, of which, in 1860, five hundred were in wheat, three hundred in corn, three hundred and twenty in clover. The wheat averages twenty-five bushels and the corn fifty to the acre. There were three hollies on this estate, the stem of the largest being eight feet in circumference and the drip of the branches one hundred and sixty-two feet. The house or houses at Shirley are even more extensive than at the other places, consisting of six or eight houses in old black and red brick two stories high, forming a quadrangle, mostly covered with English ivy, and the whole group having a most venerable and foreign appearance.

The interior of Shirley resembled generally the other houses—fine oak halls and staircases—one of the houses was panelled entirely in old black mahogany. Among the pictures was a fine full length of General, then Colonel, Washington.

The last estate we visited was Curl's Neck, within seventeen miles of Richmond. This was one of Mr. Allen's estates, consisting of 4,253 acres—3,000 only being in cultivation in 1860, of which 975 acres were in wheat, 1,000 in corn and the balance in oats and clover. Nobody lived here, Mr. Allen preferring to live at Claremont, but there was a grand old rambling brick house, with ten windows in a row.

After driving five miles through this estate, the most productive and best cultivated of any we saw, and fourteen miles through the post roads, bad enough even in peaceful times, we reached Richmond.

FISHKILL.

From The Norfolk County (Mass.) Journal.

Among the Pines; or, South in Secession Time. By Edmund Kirke. New York: J. R. Gilmore.

THIS book deserves more than ordinary recognition both from the press and the public. Its vigor of style, graphic power of narrative, and dramatic arrangement of events, would give it note and popularity in any time, and before any audience. And when we add to this, that it is a most remarkable revelation of facts, and that these facts bear directly on our present national contest, and intimately affect the welfare of the Ameri-

can people, we give it an interest scarcely equalled by any work yet published.

We have accidentally learned some things relating to its author and the scenes he describes, which we trust we commit no indiscretion in giving the public. Edmund Kirke is the assumed name of a gentleman who was formerly a leading merchant in trade with the South, who did a business of over a million dollars yearly with that locality, and has at present a sum of money *permanently* invested there which would constitute a fortune for almost any one. He knows the South better than any man who has ever before written concerning it, being familiar with nearly every inch of the soil of four States there, and having passed many winters on the plantations of all these. Here he saw the *inside* workings of the institution, and gained a familiarity with it which no mere traveller has had it in his power to conceive of. He was not an abolitionist. For the fifteen years which he spent among the planters, he saw enough to prevent his being a pro-slavery man, but he was disposed, during this time, to let them work out their own salvation, in their own way. The music of Fort Sumter woke him up. He couldn't handle a musket, but he felt that he could, at any rate, blow a bugle. This book is his first blast. He means that it shall not be without successors. He is not a "literary man," and has no literary ambition. All he aims to do is to contribute the facts which his remarkable experience has taught him to the nation's stock of knowledge.

He has a plan in what he is doing. He does not regard our contest as one so much between slavery and freedom as between two systems of labor. His plan of subduing slavery is by breaking down the dominant oligarchy of the South who demoralize the white man no less than they debase the negro. He would educate not alone this latter class, but he would elevate the Southern whites who are not slaveholders. This he believes may be done by infusing among them a Yankee element; and he regards the proposed settlement of the South by Northern soldiers as the natural agency for this. On this subject of the poor whites, no book has ever been so thorough and explicit. Its daguerreotype of them is entirely faithful. And it is through these, that the slavehold-

ers, taking advantage of their ignorance and debasement, have governed America.

The incidents of the book—startling and dramatic as they always are—are *true*. Not true in that they occurred exactly as there related. They did not transpire in the order here given them, and occupied a wider range of time in their occurrence. But *every one* of them actually happened, and came under the immediate observation of the author. This is the fact, to the minutest detail. There is abundant material in the book to confirm this, even if the high character of the author admitted of its question. Character is discriminated in it to the nicest shades of difference. No close observer can fail to believe that such portraits as he makes are drawn from originals. The dialect of the negro, the poor white, and the corn-cracker is each given with a careful consistency which only years of observation among them could have enabled the author to appreciate. Jim (the son of a white man) on ordinary occasions talks like a country negro house-servant, but under excitement speaks almost like a white man; and it is an established truth that persons of mixed blood, when aroused, always show predominating the characteristics of the stronger race. Scip, a pure African, always talks and speaks in a high-toned, elevated manner (though he never gets out of the negro lingo), and it is a curious fact that the native African shows always, when brought in contact with educated whites, a higher order of character than do those whose fathers have had their souls crushed out by slavery. Old Pomp has the religion of a good old "nigger"—who gets an idea of the Bible thoroughly literal, and whose only conceptions of God are that he is a great good *man*, who can be approached and talked to by his children—the religion of the ignorant everywhere, but peculiarly that of the slave. Moye is a renegade Yankee—the meanest specimen of creation that God has permitted to exist. He is just such an overseer as certain editors not a thousand miles from Boston would have made had their lot been cast on a Southern plantation.

These are not the only characters sketched from life. Andy Jones, whose stump-speech we have given on our outside page, is a living man (yet, as we hope.) The factor who convinced him that a Yankee is not a "cross

between the Devil and a Jew" is the gentleman from whom we have obtained most of our knowledge of the circumstances connected with the writing of this work. Col. J—— is so real a sketch that he has been recognized, and a protest entered against making the facts of his life public. He is no longer living, and Madam P——, who is no less a real character, is now under the protection of Andy Jones. A very remarkable incident affecting her welfare is related to us by the gentleman from whom we have obtained the above facts. The colonel's widow has lately attempted to sell Madame P—— to the brothel-panders of New Orleans. On learning this of Andy Jones, his Northern factor (who was at one time also a factor of Col. J——) wrote to the widow that in case she did not abandon her design, and at once give the octoroon her freedom, remunerate Andy for his care, and save her from present want, government should immediately be notified of \$8,000 of her late husband's property, in the hands of his present New York factors, which would at once be subject to confiscation. Measures were taken to send this letter, through our military commanders in that vicinity, directly to Charleston.

We trust that what we have said will be sufficient to awaken the reader's interest in this very remarkable exhibit of Southern life. It is a book which should be read and pondered by every patriot. There has been no publication issued giving so intelligent, so fair, and so thorough a view of the effects of slave institutions upon the mutual relations of the races of men and classes of society in this country. In this it is invaluable, and here is a point where we all of us especially need to be enlightened. But the work has a positive attraction which supercedes the necessity of its perusal as a matter of duty. Read in fragments in a magazine, it has awakened attention and enchained the interest of readers as few books have ever done. And in its completed form, it is a work which will be read and remembered as more original and suggestive in idea and purpose, and more dramatic in execution, than any issue of the press since "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

DE GASPARIN'S NEW WORK.

CHARLES SCRIBNER has published in one volume of over 400 pages Count Agenor de Gasparin's celebrated work, "America before Europe; Principles and Interests; translated from advance sheets by Mary L. Booth." We have already given at some length our high opinion of this searching analysis of the American question, viewed in a European light; and a re-perusal of the work, now in its English dress—and very well dressed, too, by the translator—only confirms the first impressions. De Gasparin's book is, undoubtedly, the most able and philosophic work which the present war has brought forth. It is founded upon immutable principles, which rise above the incidents of the war, that suggested De Gasparin's utterances. The work will therefore live after the conflict that brought it forth is over. The author himself says so.

"Thank God! the truth of the study which I published does not depend on events; it does not place one under the necessity of being right in case of success, and wrong in case of disaster. Through changing things, I seek that which will endure. My theories will subsist, whatever may be the result of the campaign in Virginia and Tennessee."

De Gasparin's preface is, by the way, one of the most remarkable features of the book. It is dated March 4, 1862, and in a brief space touches boldly on some delicate topics. Here, for instance, are a few significant remarks about intervention:

"Convinced that the troubled sea is not calmed in an hour; knowing, too, that external triumph is of no value if it be not also triumphant in the region of ideas, I have not hesitated to continue my work. For ourselves as well as for America it is important to dissipate certain errors which have prevailed in Europe, and which we may say still prevail there. Let no one deceive himself; the thought of meddling in the American question is by no means so fully abandoned as it seems; if decisive successes be long in coming, if the sufferings of our manufacturers become aggravated; if our Mexican expedition produce irritation, the peril will be grave anew. There are more men in Europe than are imagined who, at heart, desire the weakening and parcelling out of the United States, and who would not fear, should opportunity

offer, to encourage the resistance of the South and contribute to the prolongation of civil war, by manifesting the conviction that the separation (that is, the southern programme) must necessarily prevail."

These words were written before the fall of New Orleans. But now, after the reverse at Richmond, they come to us with a renewed significance.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Tariff Question. By E. B. Bigelow. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE author of this work has given it a very modest title. It is, in fact, a very thorough comparison of the doctrines of free trade and protection in their practical bearing and effect upon this country, explained by an array of statistics the most comprehensive, conclusive, and therefore valuable, which has ever appeared in a single volume.

Judging from the manner in which Mr. Bigelow has treated these great topics, we infer that he went into the investigation without any regard to pre-existing theories, with the purpose of collecting all the facts obtainable from past experience—especially of the experience of England—and from these, fully and fairly collated, examined and considered, to draw such conclusions as the evidence might warrant. We are inclined to think that if the facts had warranted such a conclusion, Mr. Bigelow would just as readily have given the result in favor of free trade, and therefore it is that his work is all the more reliable, because the irresistible array of the evidence he has collected has led him in the opposite direction. The great difficulty with most of our writers on political economy is that they investigate for the purpose of finding facts to sustain a pre-adopted theory, and that all such facts are presented to support that theory, while all others are carefully kept out of sight. There is nothing of the kind in this case. We have the author's verdict on the evidence, and we have also all the evidence in the case for our own examination. As a book for reference it is invaluable, inasmuch as all statistics that have any bearing on the issue are carefully preserved and presented to the reader in a tabular form, thus saving an infinite amount of research, and also because it contains a

vast amount of official information respecting trade and commerce which can nowhere else be found in a compact form.

Mr. Bigelow exposes most thoroughly the shallow pretensions of English statesmen to be the leaders of the free trade principle, by showing conclusively—as the result of his long and patient investigation of facts—that the protective principle always has been and still is the policy of the British government. He says :—

“The character and provisions of her customs-duties acts have been fully presented in the section which relates to England's tariff policy. It is certain that, in order to establish and develop her manufactures, England refused no form of aid and protection which it was in the power of government to grant. When foreign productions encroached on the home market they were excluded by prohibition or by exorbitant duties of equivalent effect. Whenever an article of English manufacture (subject, however, to internal taxes) was struggling to get a foothold in the foreign market, drawbacks were allowed; while in some cases of special need an export bounty was paid. To prevent rival nations from shar-

ing in the great advantages which she derived from improved processes and labor-saving machinery, she guarded with jealous care every useful invention and discovery; and when absolute protection had done its work, so that the manufactures of England could no longer derive any benefit from duties positively protective, she bestowed on that great interest the boon of qualified protection by the free admission of raw materials, and by reducing, as far as possible, the cost of living.”

That is the whole story in a few words. We intended to have made some further extracts, but it is hardly necessary, for no man who pretends to be a statesman, or even a politician, nor merchant, nor manufacturer—no one who has any desire to understand this great problem in political economy—can consider himself well posted until he has carefully read the whole book for himself.

We cannot speak too highly of the style in which the volume is printed. It reflects great credit upon its publishers.—*Boston Journal.*

PUNCH GOING TO THE DOGS.—Wishing to give *Toby* a treat, *Mr. Punch* took him the other day to the Dog Show at Islington. On arriving near the building (which is a great improvement on the stifling shed in Baker Street, though we fear our farming friends in petticoats and pinafores will scarcely like to be so far removed from their loved Wax Works), *Mr. Punch* thought that the cabman had mistaken his direction, and had driven him to Barking. Such a chorus of canine sounds fell upon his ear, that all the dogs exhibited seemed members of the Bark Society. Every kind of voice was heard, from the baying of the blood hound to the yap of the toy-terrier: and *Mr. Punch* could not help thinking in what terror all the cats within earshot must have been, and how their tails must have expanded with horror as they listened.

Upon entering the building, *Mr. Punch* made his bow; and *Toby* his bow-wow; and then *Mr. Punch* proceeded leisurely to take note of the celebrities, both human and canine. Among the former, *Mr. Punch* was pleased to see a fair proportion of the fairer sex, who flocked as eagerly to the show, as they would do to a

a Flower ditto. It was pleasant to see *Beauty* occasionally patting some pet hound that she had recognized, or else curiously peering at some wrinkled-nosed and bandy-legged and blear-eyed looking bull-dog, and wondering for what prize, excepting one for ugliness, it could possibly compete.

Toby was much envied in his progress through the show, not merely on account of his position in the world, but because of the mere fact that he happened to be loose. *Mr. Punch* indeed observed that envy is a passion to which dogs are sadly prone: for directly any dog was let loose by its keeper, and taken a short walk, the dogs it passed all snapped and snarled and growled most savagely, as though they could not bear to see it getting any pleasure which they could not share. *Mr. Punch* might have leagured them a little on this failing, but one can't well blame a dog for doing what one does one's self; and well nigh faultless as he is, *Mr. Punch* has very often felt a pang of envy when, sitting hard at work for the improvement of mankind, he has surveyed the outer world from the window of his study, and has seen men with their guns, their horses, and their fishing-rods, while he was fast chained to the desk.—*Punch.*